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CELEBRATION

OF THE

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TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF NEWBURY, Mass.

JUNE 10, 1885.

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Historical society of old Newbury, *Newburyport, Mass.*

Celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, June 10, 1885. Newburyport, Printed by order of the Historical society of Old Newbury, 1885.

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF OLD NEWBURY.

PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING,
NEWBURYPORT, MASS., July 21, 1885.

RESOLVED: That the special committee, appointed June 29, 1885, consisting of Messrs. S. J. Spalding, John J. Currier, Philip K. Hills, William H. Huse, William Little and Luther Dame,—having obtained the guarantee required to cover the cost of publication,—be and hereby is authorized to prepare and publish in a convenient form a full and detailed account of the exercises on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury.

A true copy. Attest

JOHN D. PARSONS, Secretary.

2887

WILLIAM H. HUSE & CO.,
PRINTERS,
NEWBURYPORT HERALD.

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RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

At a meeting of the Historical Society, held at the Public Library building, July 21, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted:

RESOLVED: That the thanks of the society be extended to President Bartlett for his able and eloquent oration delivered at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Old Newbury.

RESOLVED: That we deplore the death of the honorable George Lunt—one of the honorary members of this society—and in conveying to his widow and family our deep appreciation of his ability and worth, we would especially acknowledge our indebtedness to him for the graceful poem written for the anniversary exercises of June 10th, 1885.

RESOLVED: That the thanks of the society be extended to Mrs. Louisa Parsons Hopkins for her beautiful and felicitous poem.

RESOLVED: That the thanks of the society be extended to the various committees and their officers, to the chief marshal and his aids, to the leader and members of the chorus, and to the many friends who by pecuniary aid and other gifts and services contributed so much to the success of the celebration; and particularly to Mr. John T. Brown for his arduous and successful exertions in collecting and arranging the large number of portraits exhibited on that occasion.

RESOLVED: That copies of the oration and poems be solicited for publication.

A true copy. Attest

JOHN D. PARSONS, Secretary.

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

The earliest commemoration of the settlement of Newbury, Mass., of which we have any knowledge, was the first centennial anniversary, held in 1735. This, "according to tradition," says Joshua Coffin, "was duly noticed in the front yard of Colonel Joseph Coffin's house." Beyond this most indefinite tradition nothing more is known.

The two hundredth anniversary was celebrated May 26th, 1835, with much enthusiasm. The citizens of the three towns—Newbury, Newburyport and West Newbury—united in making the arrangements, and in providing funds by private contribution to meet the necessary expenses.

In the warrant for the annual town meeting of Newbury, 1835, was the following: "Art. 13. To determine whether the town will notice its approaching second centennial anniversary, and if so, to take such measures as they may deem expedient for that purpose." After due consideration it was "voted to notice the approaching Second Centennial Anniversary; also, to choose a committee of nine to carry the same into effect."

The town of Newbury sent invitations to Newburyport and West Newbury to join in the celebration. The invitations were accepted, and a committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of:

Newbury—Moses Little, Silas Moody, Daniel Noyes, Ebenezer Hale, Daniel Adams, 3d, James Carey, Josiah Little, John Chickering, Benjamin Stickney. (The last two filled the places of Daniel Plummer and Tristram Little, who resigned.)

Newburyport—Henry Frothingham, Amos Tappan, Nathaniel Foster, John Osgood, Caleb Cushing, John Bradbury, Jeremiah Colman, Henry Johnson, Henry Titcomb, jr.

West Newbury—Eliphalet Emery, Dean Robinson, Moses Newell, Samuel Rogers, Isaac Boyd.

The committee organized by the choice of Moses Little, chairman, and Josiah Little, secretary. Nathaniel Foster is the only member of this committee now living. After its organization the committee divided itself into several sub-committees for the better prosecution of its work, and held meetings nearly every week at the Newbury town house on the turnpike, which was afterwards converted into the Brown High school building, and more recently into dwelling houses. The 26th of May was fixed upon for the celebration. The prominent features of the occasion were a procession, public exercises in the Pleasant street church, and a dinner.

The following persons were appointed as marshals, viz:

JEREMIAH COLMAN, Chief Marshal.
JAMES CAREY, AMOS TAPPAN, Aids.

NATHAN BROWN,	ELEAZER JOHNSON, 3d,	JACOB W. PIERCE,
THOMAS FOSTER,	WILLIAM B. TITCOMB,	WM. CURRIER, JR.,
JOSIAH TITCOMB,	URIAH BAYLEY,	SAMUEL ROGERS, JR.,
RICHARD TENNEY,	DANIEL T. COLMAN,	GEORGE FITZ,
	EDWARD TITCOMB.	

Of these but two (Thomas Foster and George Fitz) survive.

The day was fair but cool, and the weather in all respects propitious. A salute of twenty-four guns was fired by the artillery at sunrise and also at sunset. The route and order of the procession is given in the following notice, published in the Newburyport Herald, May 19, 1835:

A procession will be formed at the Town House in Newbury, at 10 o'clock, a. m., to move precisely at half-past 10, escorted by the Newburyport Artillery and the Byfield Rifle Companies, and will proceed down the Turnpike to High street, thence through Federal and Middle streets, through Market square, Broadway and Merrimac street, up Market street, through Berry street and Brown's square to the Pleasant street church.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Aid.	Chief Marshal.	Aid.
	Escort with Boston Brass Band.	
	Marshal.	
	Orator and Officiating Clergyman.	
	Marshal.	
	Municipal Authorities.	
	Marshal.	
	Invited Guests.	
	Marshal.	
	Committee of Arrangements.	
	Clergymen.	
	Marshal.	
Marshal.	National and State Officers.	Marshal.

Newburyport Marine Society.
Marshal. Newburyport and Newbury Fire Departments. Marshal.
Washington Light Infantry Association.
Marshal. Strangers. Marshal.
Citizens generally.
Marshal. Marshal.

The soldiers of the revolution were in the procession and rode in carriages provided at the public expense, as appears from the following notice inserted in the Newburyport Herald May 21, 1835:

"The Revolutionary soldiers of '76, inhabitants or natives of Newburyport, Newbury, or West Newbury, are invited to join in the Centennial Celebration on the 26th inst., and are requested to meet at the Merchants' Insurance Office, State street, Newburyport, at half-past 9 o'clock, where carriages will be provided."

Capt. John Bradbury was in command of the Newburyport Artillery, and Capt. Ira Stickney in command of the Byfield Rifles.

The Boston Brass Band was a very important feature of this occasion. It was the first time that a full brass band had been heard in the streets of Newburyport.

The following was the order of the exercises at the church:

1. Voluntary on the Organ.....C. Zuner
2. Duett and Chorus by the.....Choir
3. Reading of the Scriptures by.....Rev. John C. March
(From a Bible printed in 1634.)
4. Voluntary by the.....Band
5. Selections from 42d and 44th Psalms.
Read in alternate responses between the Minister and Congregation.
6. Original Hymn by.....Hon. George Lunt
Tune—"Old Hundred."
7. Prayer by.....Rev. Dr. Morse
8. Original Ode—The Pilgrims—by.....Hon. George Lunt
Air—"Gaily the Troubadour."
9. Oration by.....Hon. Caleb Cushing
10. Anthem.....Beethoven
11. Benediction.

The Newburyport Herald of May 29, 1835, which contains the toasts and brief notices of the after-dinner speeches, has no sketch of the oration. In compliment it says: "The oration by Mr. Cushing was such as the high reputation of the gentleman justified the public in anticipating."

Mr. Everett, in his remarks, said: "It would be useless and presumptuous, after the able and eloquent remarks on the subject by the orator of the day, to descant upon the wisdom and virtue of our forefathers."

The editor of the Haverhill Gazette, who was present, says "Mr.

Cushing's oration was worthy of the eminent talents of its author, and of the interesting occasion which called it forth. We may be regarded by some as extravagant in our admiration of this eloquent production; but are nevertheless of opinion that for richness in historical facts, for moral elevation of sentiment, loftiness of diction, and splendor of imagery, it can scarcely be surpassed. It occupied an hour in delivery, during which an immense auditory listened with unusual interest and attention. The ode, by Mr. Lunt, is beyond all dispute a grand and beautiful production. No descendant of the Pilgrims, who loves to contemplate the piety, the moral heroism, the "noble daring," the sufferings, the almost miraculous results of the efforts of their fathers, in the cause of human liberty, of civilization, and of religion—we say no true descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers could have heard that ode read as Mr. Cushing read it, and sung as it was sung on that occasion, without experiencing a thrilling sense of the sublime, and a deep reverence pervading his entire frame."

Quite recently the papers of Mr. Cushing have been examined and the oration given on the two hundredth anniversary has been found. It justifies the high encomiums bestowed upon it.

After the services at the church the procession was re-formed and proceeded to the pavilion which had been put up, a little to the south and east of the Newbury Town House, on land which is now included in the Oak Hill cemetery. About seven hundred persons dined at the pavilion. Hon. Ebenezer Moseley was the president of the day, and introduced the exercises at the table.

Among the guests who spoke were Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong, Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Samuel Phillips, Hon. Caleb Cushing, Hon. George Lunt, Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Judge D. A. White and Col. S. Swett, Hon. Levi Cutter, (Mayor of the city of Portland), Dr. Kittredge of Salem, Dr. William Ingalls of Boston, Mr. N. Cleaveland, (Preceptor of Dummer Academy), Col. S. L. Knapp of New York City, Governor William Plummer of New Hampshire, and Mr. Chinn of Kentucky.

The pavilion was made partly of boards and partly of cloth, and the walls were decorated with portraits of celebrities of the old town and with other objects of historical interest.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

At the annual meeting of the Historical Society of Old Newbury, held January 30, 1884, on motion of Mr. Lothrop Withington, a committee of seven was chosen for the purpose of taking preliminary action in regard to the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, and the committee was instructed to call the attention of the city of Newburyport and the towns of Newbury and West Newbury to the subject, and request their co-operation in the matter. That committee was composed of Samuel J. Spalding, William H. Swasey, William H. Huse, James Parton, Lothrop Withington, of Newburyport; Luther Dane of Newbury; Haydn Brown of West Newbury. A circular letter was prepared and forwarded to the towns of Newbury and West Newbury and the city of Newburyport early in 1884, as follows:

The undersigned, committee of the Historical Society of Old Newbury, have been instructed by the society to invite the co-operation of the towns of Newbury and West Newbury and the city of Newburyport in a proposed celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement and incorporation of Newbury in May, 1635.

In doing this the committee would call attention to the importance and significance of this anniversary.

As to the event to be celebrated, the committee would submit that the settlement at the mouth of the Merrimac was no small factor in the foundation of New England. On the contrary, it was one of the most important of all. From the Merrimac mouth branched out the settlers of the great Merrimac valley, (the richest and most beautiful of all New England water-courses), the greater part of New Hampshire and of Vermont, and some of the most famous settlements in Massachusetts, names known today throughout the world. The founders of Old Newbury were as a body among the most independent, the most individual, the most influential of all the early New England towns. They included men who were themselves famous in two hemispheres, and who have left descendants foremost in all industries and all arts. We can say this without self-praise, a large part of the blood of the early settlers having long since ceased to have connection with the locality, has spread over the continent. We are many of us new-comers. But we inherit an historic spot, and equally share in upholding its tradition. The native

of transalpine Gaul or of distant Judea was as proud of his Roman citizenship as any descendant of the Julian line. So we today that once breathe the air of the Merrimac mouth are not only Yankees from that hour, but belong to the peculiar heart of New England. The newest comer among us feels his whole character affected and his being changed by the atmosphere and manner of the place. These settlers of 1635 made a new departure in social and political customs. They wrought out a new idea and a new system. They showed the world in practice something that a large portion of the world believes even yet to be impracticable. They demonstrated the fact that it is not necessary that men must be governed by some one else, but that they can govern themselves; that it is possible for the highest and the lowest to live together in terms of perfect social equality. In the demonstration, in this battle for human equality, Old Newbury bore an important part in New England. Her sons should not forget to honor the anniversary of her birth.

This committee invite the two towns and the city to each add a committee of citizens to all join us as a general committee to initiate this celebration and to report progress in the future.

S. J. Spalding, William H. Swasey, William H. Huse, James Parton, Lothrop Withington, Luther Dame, Hayden Brown,	Committee of the Historical Society.

In response to this invitation a committee of nearly one hundred and fifty was appointed, consisting of delegates from the three municipalities and from the Historical Society, and this committee was first convened in the Common Council room in the City Hall at Newburyport, May 7, 1884.

Hon. John J. Currier was elected chairman and A. W. Greenleaf secretary.

A Committee on Literary Exercises, a Committee on Finance, and an Executive Committee were appointed.

The Committee on Literary Exercises consisted of the following gentlemen: John J. Currier, Eben F. Stone, James Parton, George J. L. Colby, Samuel J. Spalding, Amos Noyes, N. N. Withington, of Newburyport; Ben: Perley Poore, George E. Noyes, M. Walsh Bartlett, of West Newbury; Albert S. Adams, of Amesbury; H. F. Longfellow, William Little, Nathaniel Dole, of Newbury.

Finance Committee—W. H. Huse, E. P. Dodge, D. L. Withington, H. M. Cross, Philip H. Lunt, of Newburyport; Nathaniel Dole, Moses Colman, of Newbury; Charles W. Ordway of West Newbury.

Executive Committee—John J. Currier, Benjamin Hale, Samuel J.

Spalding, P. K. Hills, Henry W. Moulton, James Parton, W. H. Swasey, Eben F. Stone, William H. Huse, Edward F. Bartlett, of Newburyport; Albert S. Adams, of Amesbury; William Little, Nathaniel Dole, Luther Dame, of Newbury; Michael Walsh Bartlett, Eben Mooly Boynton, of West Newbury.

It was made the duty of the Executive Committee to report a general plan for the celebration of the anniversary.

A meeting of that committee was held June 4, 1884. The following report was unanimously adopted and was recommended to the general committee for action thereon:

REPORT OF SUB-COMMITTEE.

The sub-committee appointed to prepare a plan for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury respectfully offer the following suggestions:

First, as to the day or days of the celebration. Since the precise day of the landing at Parker river in 1635 is not known, but in all probability occurred between the twenty-sixth of May and the middle of June, we think we are at liberty to select any day within that period which holds out the best promise of favorable weather, and of the most abundant flowers. We therefore suggest Wednesday, June 10, as the day for the celebration.

An important question has been decided by your committee, whether the celebration shall be confined to one day or extend to two days. We are of the opinion that the principal and official celebration of the anniversary should be confined to one day, and that the more popular exercises for which the executive committee would be responsible in a less degree, should take place on the day following. We suggest this outline:

FIRST DAY.

1. A meeting at the Pleasant street church, or in the City Hall, at half-past ten in the morning, the chief exercise of which should be an oration by some one connected with this vicinity by lineage or otherwise. There should also be music and singing on this occasion.

2. A banquet at one o'clock in a tent on the upper Oldtown green, to be followed by the singing of glees, and short speeches of a festive and after-dinner character.

3. In the evening, a reception and dance, at the City Hall, with exhibition of historical relics and tableaux upon the stage, with liberty to the guests of wearing any old time costume they may prefer. The tableaux to be arranged upon the stage and exhibited at convenient intervals between the dances.

SECOND DAY.

1. In the morning a procession of trades, benevolent orders, soldiers, firemen, students, horsemen, with vehicles adorned with flowers and garlands, accompanied by good bands of music, to move at ten o'clock and traverse the principal streets. A general decoration of the route with flowers, banners and drapery.

2. An informal luncheon for the participants, on Brown square.

3. In the afternoon, excursions on the river, (not in charge of the committee), clam bakes on Plum Island and Salisbury Beach, barge rides into the country.

4. In the evening at half-past eight an exhibition of fire-works from a raft in the middle of the Frog Pond, with bands of music playing at intervals on the Mall.

FURTHER RECOMMENDATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Your sub-committee further recommend that committees of suitable character and number be appointed to carry out the proposed suggestions; among others the following:

Committees on finance, literary exercises, music, tableaux, reception and entertainment of visitors, invitations, banquet, procession, fireworks, memorial volume.

Your committee further suggests that a committee be appointed to form these committees, with the particular recommendation that they may embrace a fair and full representation of the ladies of these communities. As the selection of the committees is a matter of the greatest importance, they further advise that this committee be allowed ample time for the discharge of their difficult and delicate duty.

JAMES PARTON, Chairman of Sub-Committee.

At a meeting of the General Committee, held June 11, 1881, it was voted to accept and adopt the recommendations of the report, and to instruct the Executive Committee to carry its provisions into effect, unless otherwise ordered.

At a subsequent meeting, held September 21, 1881, on motion of Major Ben: Perley Poore, the Committee on Literary Exercises was empowered to invite delegates from Newbury, England, to be present and participate in the celebration. In accordance with this vote an invitation was extended to the municipal authorities of Newbury, England, and the following answer was received:

BOROUGH OF NEWBURY, BERKS.

TO WIT:

At a meeting of the Mayor and Corporation of the said Borough held at the Council Chamber of and in the said Borough on Tuesday, the thirteenth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

Present—WILLIAM HALL, ESQRE, Mayor.

Aldermen:

EDWARD WILSON, WILLIAM GEORGE ADEY,
JAMES HENRY LUCAS, JAMES ABSALOM.

Councillors:

HENRY DOLTON, GEORGE MITCHELL KNIGHT,
JAMES BENJAMIN STONE, ROBERT LONG,
CHARLES LUCAS, STEPHEN KNIGHT,
ROBERT JOHNSTON, ROBERT JAMES LOVELL,
HENRY JORDAN MIDWINTER.

IT WAS UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVED—That this council desires to express to the Mayor and Citizens of the Town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in the United States of America, its hearty congratulations on the approaching celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of its Incorporation, recognizing its Municipality as in some sort the offspring of this Ancient Borough, the past history of which is so largely interwoven with that of the Parent Country.

That they desire to greet with hearty goodwill and sympathy the Municipality of Newburyport, and to rejoice with them on the remarkable progress and prosperity which, by the blessing of Providence, and the efforts of those enterprising men who in the Seventeenth Century left their native land to found a new home in the Western Continent, has attended their Corporate existence for so long a period.

That it is peculiarly gratifying to the Corporate Body and to the Inhabitants of this Borough to know that a former Minister of this Town—the Rev'd Thomas Parker, was one of the original Settlers at Newburyport, in the year 1634; and that the name of a Rector of this Parish—the Rev'd Benjamin Woodbridge, occupies the first place on the List of Graduates of Harvard University, and very sincerely do they trust that the Town of Newburyport may continue to flourish and contribute many illustrious names to the Roll of American Worthies.

RESOLVED FURTHER:—That a Copy of these Resolutions, suitably engrossed, be sealed with the Common Seal of the Corporation, signed by the Mayor, and forwarded to the Mayor of Newburyport by the Town Clerk.

WILLIAM HALL, Mayor. [SEAL]

H. BURKE GODWIN, Town Clerk.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE,
NEWBURY, January 31, 1885.

SIR: In obedience to a resolution of the Corporation of this Borough, passed at a meeting held on the 13th instant, I have much pleasure in forwarding to you the accompanying address to the Corporation of Newburyport, in connection with the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, in the United States of America; and I beg you to accept my own best wishes for the future prosperity of your city.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. BURKE GODWIN, Town Clerk.

To the Worshipful, the Mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

This address is elegantly and elaborately engrossed on parchment, and ornamented with lettering and titles of red, blue and gold. It has been placed in the archives of the city of Newburyport.

An invitation was sent October 22, 1884, to Hon. James Russell Lowell, LL. D., then Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, to give the oration. The following letter was received in reply:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, 9th January, 1885.

JOHN J. CURRIER, ESQ.

Dear Sir: I regret very much that my delay in answering your letter of 23d October, should have put you to any inconvenience. I laid it aside in the hope

that my plans for the future might before long so far define themselves as to enable me to decide whether it would be possible for me to accept your invitation. I am still uncertain as to whether I shall be at home during the summer, and therefore thought it best to send you a telegram to say that I could not undertake the duty you so kindly wished me to assume.

I felt highly honored by your choice of me to perform so important a function in a celebration which deeply interests me in many ways, and, had I been at home, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to do my share in commemorating the men and the events that have given Newbury a not undistinguished place of its own in the history of Massachusetts. But I find myself compelled by circumstances, mainly of a private nature, to deny myself the great satisfaction of being with you and claiming at least an ancestral right to show myself a dutiful son of your ancient town.

I pray you to make my thanks and regrets acceptable to the gentlemen associated with you in the management of the celebration,

And to believe me, very faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Immediately on receiving the declination of Hon. Mr. Lowell, the Committee on Literary Exercises made choice of Samuel Colcord Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College, and a lineal descendant of Richard Bartlett of Old Newbury, to give the oration. The following is his letter of acceptance:

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,
HANOVER, N. H., January 26, 1885.

MESSRS. JOHN J. CURRIER, CHAIRMAN, AND A. W. GREENLEAF, SECRETARY.

Gentlemen: I have duly received your invitation to deliver an address before the citizens of Newbury on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the latter part of May or early in June next.

I thank you for the honor of the invitation, and accept it with pleasure.

In response to your kind offer to furnish information, I will ask you to place in my hands such histories or historical sketches of the old town and its subdivisions as may have been published—whatever will show its history down to the present date—including the latest directory and a map.

I shall endeavor, as soon as the pressure of my engagements will admit—perhaps three weeks hence, or a little more—to make a visit of observation and inquiry to Newburyport. Meanwhile I can make use of the documents.

Yours, very respectfully,

S. C. BARTLETT.

The Committee on Literary Exercises also invited Hon. George Lunt, John G. Whittier, Mrs. R. S. Spofford, and Mrs. Louisa P. Hopkins to write poems for the anniversary exercises. Mr. Lunt and Mrs. Hopkins accepted the invitation. Mr. Whittier responded with a letter to be read at the dinner table, and Mrs. Spofford was unable to comply

with the request, having previously accepted an invitation to write a poem for the celebration at Rocky Hill, June 17, 1885.

The different committees found themselves greatly embarrassed in forming their plans, from the fact that there was no financial basis on which to build, and nothing definite could be determined until the towns and the city in their corporate capacity had taken action. Late in the spring of 1885 such action was taken, but the appropriations asked for were not granted. It then became necessary to essentially change the plan of the celebration.

A meeting of the Historical Society of Old Newbury was held at the Public Library Building, Tuesday, April 21, 1885, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The committee appointed by the Historical Society of Old Newbury have been unable to secure the active co-operation of the towns of Newbury and West Newbury, and the city of Newburyport, in its proposed celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Old Newbury; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the various committees already organized for that purpose be, and hereby are, directed to perfect the arrangements for an address suitable to the occasion, to be delivered in City Hall; a public dinner with brief after-dinner speeches from invited guests, and a reception and promenade concert in the evening, all to be given under the auspices of the Historical Society of Old Newbury; and that the members and friends of this association, at home and abroad, as well as the citizens generally, be invited to participate in the exercises of the day.

RESOLVED, That the Committee on Finance, appointed by the General Committee, be authorized and instructed to solicit subscriptions from members and friends of the society in aid of the funds needed to carry out the contemplated plans.

The following notice was issued by the Committee of Arrangements:

CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF NEWBURY, MASS.

The Committee of Arrangements, appointed by the Historical Society of Old Newbury, have decided upon the following programme of exercises for June 10, 1885, and respectfully invite the hearty co-operation of the descendants of the early settlers of Newbury, wherever they may reside.

Samuel Colcord Bartlett, LL. D., President of Dartmouth College, will deliver an address in City Hall, Newburyport, at half-past ten o'clock, a. m. A chorus of voices under the direction of Mr. Norman McLeod of Newburyport, will render some selections of music appropriate to the occasion.

A dinner at 2 o'clock, p. m., in a tent to be erected near the Upper Green, (Oldtown) Newbury, (or elsewhere as may be hereafter decided upon), with speeches from distinguished guests, will occupy the afternoon.

A reception and social reunion at City Hall in the evening, will close the exercises of the day.

The seats in the hall, for the literary exercises of the morning, will be free to the public, except those that are reserved for subscribers to the fund in aid of this celebration and for specially invited guests.

For the dinner, tickets of admission will be required. Only a limited number will be issued, and they will be sold for one dollar each.

At a meeting of the Committee on Finance, held April 21, 1885, it was voted to raise the sum of one thousand dollars, and to appeal for that purpose to the generous sons of Newbury, Newburyport and West Newbury. That the contributors to the fund for which subscriptions were solicited might be suitably recognized, it was voted that for every five dollars contributed, a reserved seat at the exercises at City Hall, at the dinner table, and a ticket to the evening's entertainment should be furnished.

Mr. Philip H. Lunt was elected treasurer by the Executive Committee, May 5, 1885.

The day appointed for the celebration, June 10, 1885, was in all respects most propitious. The weather was simply perfect. Scarcely a cloud appeared on the blue surface of the sky. The morning sun rose in splendor and shed its brightest rays over river and field. A gentle breeze from the southwest tempered its rays to the comfort of all who walked the streets, and, although as the day advanced the heat increased somewhat, still at no time was it uncomfortably warm, and throughout the day and evening the weather was all that could have been desired.

By order of the Mayor, the bells of the various churches in the city of Newburyport, were rung at six o'clock in the morning, at mid-day, and at six o'clock in the afternoon.

At an early hour many familiar faces were seen upon the streets; countenances of sons and daughters of old Newbury who had returned to the mother town to commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement. Many strange faces too were seen,—of persons allied by other ties than those of birth to the ancient town, who were eager to share in the festivities and joys of the day. All naturally trended to the City Hall, where the literary exercises were held.

EXERCISES IN THE CITY HALL.

EXERCISES IN THE CITY HALL.

At an early hour every seat in the hall, except those reserved for subscribers and invited guests, was occupied. The large chorus composed of ladies and gentlemen from the three towns—Newbury, West Newbury and Newburyport—under the direction of Mr. Norman McLeod, of Newburyport, and an orchestra of twenty skilled musicians, under the charge of Mr. T. M. Carter, of Boston, were provided with seats upon the stage.

At half-past ten o'clock, a. m., the President of the Historical Society, with the orator of the day, and the President of the Day with the officiating clergymen, led the way from the Mayor and Aldermen's room to the hall above, followed by the invited guests and the members of the literary committee.

The exercises opened with an overture, by the orchestra, entitled, "Morning, Noon, and Night." At its close William Little, Esq., of Newbury, President of the Historical Society of Old Newbury, spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM LITTLE, ESQ.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In behalf of the Historical Society of Old Newbury it devolves upon me to open the exercises of the day, to give a cordial greeting to all who gather here to celebrate the natal day of the old town; and it will not be inappropriate if I go back to the beginning and briefly indicate the line under which the arrangements for the observance of the day have been consummated. At a centennial celebration of our national independence on the Upper Green in Newbury it was resolved to meet

at a future day on the Lower Green, the place, as most of you know, of the original settlement in the town, inviting thereto all interested by lineage, birth, residence, or otherwise, in the record of Old Newbury, and there form a Historical Society. That meeting was held and the society formed, and, as might be inferred, from its initial step, an important part of its work was and now is to provide a channel of intercourse, to increase acquaintanceship, and to cultivate fraternal feelings between us who remain here and those of Newbury descent or connection who had found homes elsewhere, for we felt like the remaining child on an old homestead, bound by the highest social obligations to exercise a generous hospitality whenever a family gathering was in view, or when a single member, solitary and alone, desired to walk over the acres that his father had ploughed; for in this inherited inheritance we felt that there could be division without loss, nay, with positive gain. "There is he who scattereth and yet increaseth, he that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty;" and may I not express the belief that a fit expression and an apt illustration of this will be found in the selection of the orator of the day.

Prompted by these views, urged on by these feelings, we have looked forward to the present year with interest, and early resolved that some commemoration should be made of its historic importance; and at our annual meeting, January, 1884, action was taken, inviting, also, co-operation from the city of Newburyport and the towns of West Newbury and Newbury. These invitations were cordially accepted, proper committees appointed, and some preliminary action taken; but when this present year it was found that through a technical and probably correct interpretation of the law of this State no funds would be raised by either of these sub-divisions of the old town to meet the expenses of the day, the necessity of some change in the arrangements became obvious to all. To meet this need the Historical Society at once came forward and assumed the whole responsibility of the celebration, and still desirous of retaining connection with the city and towns as far as possible, retained in service all committees already appointed. But whatever changes have been in our arrangements we do not wish to have it understood that they have been at a loss, in view of the interest or value of the day. If by them we have made less effort at outward display, then the better the opportunity to do our work on a line more legitimate and appropriate to the object in view, and thus seek to especially draw those who are in sympathy with the subject and the occasion, who are true to old Newbury, its instincts and traditions—true to the township system of New England, who appreciate and value local and family historic incidents and associations, and see in their

collection and preservation a powerful factor in developing that feeling of personal responsibility without which no government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" can endure. In our efforts in this direction we believe we have met with decided success, that he who stands on this platform today will face an audience (to use an old English phrase in its higher and better American form) loyal to town, to state, to nation, and to God, and this we pledge to you today, sir, in water sparkling and bright from Bartlett spring. And now to those who from beyond our confines have gathered with us here today and add by their presence to the grace, interest and character of the occasion, it is my duty, and more my pleasure, in behalf of the Historical Society of Old Newbury,—nay more, as I now believe, in behalf of Old Newbury itself—to bid you a cordial welcome; and I would that the words that drop from my lips could fully and fairly express the emotions of our hearts that prompt their utterance. Welcome then to our fields won from the forests by the hard toil of your fathers and of ours! Welcome to our streets, our schools, our churches, to all our public institutions, founded as many of them were by their wise forecast, sustained in early years by their prudent care, and bequeathed to us as priceless legacies to be guarded, sustained and transmitted to the latest generation. Welcome to our homes, to our old roof-trees that seem even now to re-echo to the gladsome shouts of families of children (oftimes half a score or more in number) who yet have long since passed through the "seven ages of man" and been laid away at rest. Welcome to our hearthstones, to the old hearthstones graced and honored as they were by mothers, who as you and I well know, as true, as noble as ever on the face of the earth held babe to breast; and go stand on the green hill-sides where, in sorrow and tears, was left all that was mortal of them, and think of how much of all you are, all you have enjoyed, all you hope to be is due to their patient work, their high rectitude and their willing sacrifice. Welcome to one! welcome to all! no matter how low, no matter how fallen, no matter how cast down, if the blood of old Newbury flows in your veins, then this to us today "shall gentle your condition," and if you are not of our lines and lineage but are here to do honor and to show your regard for the old town, then for you a right royal welcome, too!

I cannot close without adverting to a sentiment in which I know all hearts here beat in unison. It is that of gratitude to that benign Providence who from the "handful of corn cast in the wilderness" two hundred and fifty years ago has given an increase of more than thirty, more than sixty, more than a hundred fold. Therefore, in view of this, and of this audience here assembled, of the thousands near and

far whose eyes are turned hither and whose hearts are with us today; of the tens of thousands scattered from ocean to ocean in happy homes, and leading useful lives, whose ascending lines converge and meet here, may we not with propriety congratulate ourselves that those words of one of the most gifted, perhaps the most cultured blade that ever sprang from this "corn,"

> "A race of nobles may die out,
> A royal line may leave no heir;
> Wise nature sets no guards about
> Her pewter plate and wooden ware,"

have no application to those who, broad and deep, laid the foundations of Old Newbury.

In conclusion, we wish to have it understood that we appreciate the sentiment conveyed, and today we intend to win the compliment implied in the line from the book so revered by our fathers—"Thou hast kept the good wine until now;"—therefore, with pleasure only, do I now retire, naming as officers of the day the Hon. John James Currier, president, and Albert W. Greenleaf, secretary.

At the conclusion of Mr. Little's address the following chorus—"The Heavens are Telling,"—from "The Creation," by Haydn, was sung.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

Today that is coming, speaks it the day,
The night that is gone to following night.

TRIO.

In all the lands resounds the word,
Never unperceived, ever understood.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

The President of the Day, Hon. John James Currier, of Newburyport, then said:

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN J. CURRIER.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of Old Newbury:

Your presence here, in such goodly numbers, from towns near and far remote, is an assurance that you still feel a deep and abiding interest in the events we meet to commemorate, and that the love of kindred

and of home has not lost its place or power in your hearts. I trust that the renewal of old ties of friendship, and the sight of old familiar scenes will bring you into full sympathy with the spirit and purpose of this occasion, and that the words of the orator,—who is soon to address you,—recalling the half forgotten past, will increase and strengthen your love and affection for the old town, and lead you to a closer and more intimate acquaintance with its early local history and later social life. Since the first settlement on the banks of the river Parker, two hundred and fifty years ago, the love of adventure and the pursuit of wealth or fame has tempted many, born and nurtured here, to seek a more active and busy life in distant states and foreign lands. To every corner of the habitable globe they have wandered, and one especially, known to you all, has passed long and weary months of suffering and privation amid the snow and ice of the Polar seas. But wherever they may be, today, our hearts go out to meet them. To the absent we send fraternal greetings, while with outstretched hands we welcome, in the cordial words already spoken, those who have come back like pilgrims to the old ancestral home.

As friends, neighbors, kinsmen, we have gathered here to commemorate events that gave to the town of Newbury a corporate existence and a name. May 6, 1635, the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay appointed a board of commissioners to set out the bounds between Ipswich and Quascacunquen, and at the same time ordered that the new plantation should be called Newbury. July 8th of the same year a tax for public uses was levied upon all the towns in the colony, and Newbury's proportion of that assessment was fixed at eight pounds sterling. Between these two dates it is probable that the first settlers built their rude homes on the river Parker, and soon after erected the first church, established the first school, and thus laid the foundation of the civilization we now enjoy. Reverently and devoutly with voice of prayer and song of praise they entered upon the work before them, and we their descendants commemorating their virtues, are prompted in like manner to invoke, upon our proceedings here today, the blessing of God. I ask your attention, therefore, while prayer is offered by Rev. Francis W. Sanborn, pastor of the first church established in Newbury.

Rev. Mr. Sanborn then offered the following prayer:

PRAYER OF REV. FRANCIS W. SANBORN.

Almighty and everlasting God! who ever abidest with them who have faith in Thee; Thou who art ever waiting to give light to them who love the light: we ask that this day, by Thy blessing, may bring

enlightenment to our minds, and that we may come today into contact with the history of the past, in such a spirit, that its good lessons may be inspiration to us in the future. We acknowledge that all the good which this town has ever enjoyed is from Thee. We thank Thee for the eminent men whose leadership this town has enjoyed; for men of commanding intellect; for men of high moral purposes: and we thank Thee for the many families where that which is good has been loved and the truth honored. We praise Thee for vast numbers of true and good lives and for that divine influence and power which has been seen in every generation since this town began. We thank Thee that Thou hast given this people so high a grade of Christian civilization; that in so many homes there has been pure and affectionate trust toward one another; and that the life of the people in its general drift has been so much influenced by those things which God has given to make morals good and men loyal to God. We thank Thee for the power of the Christian religion. Grant that the time may never come when the Christian religion shall have less power than it has today. Through it, wilt Thou make good citizens for our town and leaders in all that is good. May this day teach us, each one, those things which shall make us pure, earnest and godly men. We ask this for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The national hymn "To Thee, O, Country," set to music by Eichberg, was then sung by the chorus, with orchestral accompaniment. The words of the hymn are as follows:

To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing.
Upon thy mighty, faithful heart,
We lay our burden down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray,
To Him who dwells above.
O God, preserve our fatherland,
Let peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea.

Rev. Daniel T. Fiske, D. D., pastor of the Belleville Congregational church of Newburyport, then read the following selections from scripture, found in Psalm XLIV: 1—3; Psalm LXXX: 1, 2, 8—11; Psalm CXLV: 3—7, 13; and also I. Chronicles, XXIX: 11—13.

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.

For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised: and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.

Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.

Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name.

The Bible used on this occasion was a copy of the rare "Breeches Bible," printed in 1557, and was kindly loaned to the Committee on Literary Exercises by Miss Elizabeth G. Hoyt, of Chelsea, a lineal descendant of the Bartletts who settled at Bartlett's Cove, in Newbury, in 1635. The names of several members of that family, with the dates

of their birth, from 1610 to 1624, are inscribed upon the pages of this ancient Bible.

The hymn "Pilgrims and Wanderers," composed for the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury by the late Hon. George Lunt, and set to original music for this occasion by Norman McLeod, was then sung by the chorus:

Over the mountain wave
See where they come;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home:
Yet where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along,
Deep-toned and free:—
Chorus.—Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home!

England has sunny dales—
Dearly they bloom,
Scotia has heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume,
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land—native land,
Home, far away;
Chorus.—Pilgrims and wanderers, &c.

Dim grew the forest-path,
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts
Trusting in God!
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song,
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along;
Chorus.—Pilgrims and wanderers, &c.

Not theirs the glory-wreath
Torn by the blast;—
Heavenward their holy steps,—
Heavenward they past;
Green be their mossy graves!
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along,
Ever the same;
Chorus.—Pilgrims and wanderers, &c.

President Currier then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: A poem, written at the request of the Committee on Literary Exercises, by a native and former resident of Newburyport, will now be read, and it is with great pleasure that I introduce to you the author, Mrs. Louisa Parsons Hopkins, of New Bedford —a descendant of the Parsons, Gyles and Stone families of Old Newbury—who has won for herself a reputation not unworthy of her distinguished ancestors.

ODE BY MRS. LOUISA P. HOPKINS.

I.

As when from some rich-freighted bark
That sails beyond us to the dark
  To join an out-bound argosy,
  We catch the parting melody
Over the dim horizon's verge,—
A friend's farewell, a poet's dirge,—
So swells his harp's harmonious strain
Who sung of yore and sings again,
The minstrel* whose exultant lay
Breathed forth your earlier festal day,
Hallowed by his own youthful lyre,
Which ne'er has lost its pristine fire,
Death's sacred grove was consecrate;†
  Its plaintive cadence trembles still
  Above that silent vale and hill
    Where now,—so late,—
He, of that gentler generation last,
  To laurelled shades hath passed;
Yea, with his swan-song on his lips,
He met life's sunset-cloud's eclipse.
For while he kindly stayed to sing
Death's angel plumed her soft white wing,
And old companions greeted him, and led
To the more populous city of the dead.
The flowing numbers we may hear no more
Seem to re-echo from that further shore,
All eloquent with spirit-voices sweet,
    That through his notes repeat
Their loyalty and love our filial hearts to greet.

II.

The elder generations, pioneers
    Of the eventful years!

*Hon. George Lunt.
†He wrote the hymn of dedication of Oak Hill Cemetery.

Noble were they and true, of cultured thought
With ceremony sweet, refinement pure,—
A type which through all hazards must endure,
And into various circumstance be wrought.
O, not for sordid greed,
Nor for the transient need
Of the world's empty praise they lived and died,
But with heroic aim
And God-ward eye they came
To plant Truth's fertile seed,
With steadfast heart to do their faithful deed.
And our inheritance so glorified.

III.

Fain would we wander back
Along that shining track,
Their honored names with grateful bays entwine
And trace the thread of that immortal line.
But in the church-yard green
Their reverend names are seen;
The multitudinous chorus of the birds
Pours out love's winged words,
The dear memorial chaplets of the trees
Are spread upon their graves
'Mid summer's emerald waves,—
Waftage of each caressing breeze;
Even their dust blooms out in beauteous forms,
The golden sunshine warms
And vivifies their bodily elements
To resurrection's glorious intents.
The lily and the rose
Earth's lavish powers of alchemy disclose.
Kind nature clothes again
The dust of mortal men,
And e'en death's crumbling cerement, lent
To beauty's use, with all June's loveliness is blent.

IV.

Successive seasons sing for them
Undying requiem:
Sweet chants of Spring, anthems of Summer's psalm
Of Autumn's riper calm,
With selahs deep of infinite repose
In Winter's shrouding snows.
So gathered to our fathers we would lie
Kindred beneath Heaven's starry canopy,
Perchance some recognition stirs their dust
As we commit new treasures to their trust;
Perchance they hear again the ocean's rote
Roll up the valley from the harbor's throat

When billows wild careen
The sand-dunes' amber sheen,
Or feel the salt wind of the marshes sweep
Through the encampment of their peaceful sleep.
They loved Old Newbury's pleasant vales and slopes,
And built their mighty hopes
Upon the solid granite of her hills;
Her river-falls, torrents of snow-fed rills
And crystal springs, their clear, pure lives expressed,
And to high tasks their willing hands addressed.

V.

By this fair land they moored their bark to raise
Unwavering hymn of praise.
They came, so simply the quaint records tell,
"From England's stately homes" they loved full well.
"For conscience and religion's sake," to dwell
"Amid this wilderness," by God's good grace.
To rear in Quascuenunquen,* Newbury's† race.
This goodly land, sea-fronting levels wide,
Their earnest gaze espied,
Ripe for the planting of a continent;
So to God's purposes obedient
They occupied the hill-side and the plain,—
The Old World's golden grain
Of manhood to God's vaster granaries come,—
They grasped the riotous main.
The lordly Merrimack they held in fief
For freedom's full relief,
And opened sluice-ways through the realms of time
For destinies sublime.

VI.

Now the rich centuries have come and gone,
That undiminished heritage moves on.
O'er white sierras and the prairied lea,
From torrid gulf to grand Pacific sea.
Round the lake's mighty chain,
Broadcast they scatter Truth's replete seed-grain.
Fresh airs they carry from the clime they love
Where'er their feet may rove.
The strong winds of our coast accumulate
To conquer stubborn fate,
Our rock-ribbed sands and salt waves' vigor pure
Transmuted to the soul that can endure.

*Indian name of Newbury.
†So named from the English home of some of the settlers.

In the far-seeing thought and cultured brain
Our clear, deep skies remain,
The eager pulse and close-knit fibre's strain
Our native stock maintain,
And Newbury's tide of life-blood roll
With her last hero* to the bailling pole.

VII.

Ah! backward for a few short years we turn
To deck their votive urn —
Heroes of Sixty-one!
Whose regal expiation done,
For freedom the eternal years have won,
With banners graced and garlands fair,
Their fame be still their country's care,
So glorious the race they run.
But in fond hearts their precious memory hid
Swell the hot tears unbid,
That all our deathless love and pride attest,
— Ah me! how cherished and how blest
Their martyr-rest —
They sweetly sleep while in new veins
The fine heroic blood remains.
Their fresh hearts burned with fires
Kindled by patriot-sires:
In them the fathers rose
To conquer freedom's foes.
Now on the altar of their sacrifice
We dedicate our children's children, wise
To give the past's best gifts to future centuries.

VIII.

So in our country's history
A strong posterity
Shall shape the mould of liberty's new birth;
Her builders still shall rear the towers of earth.
Through all their fruitful line,
Branches of one rich vine,
The fathers' lives have wrought
A priceless legacy:
Transmitted power, organic will and thought.
The child reveals the grandsire, each brain-cell
The true ancestral prophecy shall tell;
Some subtile trick of manner or of speech
The pedigree shall teach;
The dead still speak in voices fresh and young.
Each sequent generation finds a tongue.

*Lieut. A. W. Greely.

IX.

We bless the saints who prayed for us,* so we
Would pray for our unborn posterity,
And to our heirs bequeath
Soul-powers transcending death—
The right divine of true heredity.
Through us descend clear spiritual sight,
Enlightened mind still to discern the right,
Obedient will to do, endurance sweet,—
God's staff for trembling feet;
Unwavering faith, as seeing the unseen,
Knowing on whom we have believed,
Not comprehending all His mysteries mean,
Yet on his grace to lean,
Freely we ask to give as freely we received.

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X.

We build today upon a larger plan
The coming man.
The ancient race to higher outlook strides,
On broader seas our ship at anchor rides;
The age's fashion
Still clothes afresh Truth's fair ideal,
And each great aim made real
Lifts faith and work to loftier heights of passion.
Nor we, mayhap, may grasp the span
Of our last harvesting, the seed
To crown the future with exalted deed
Not yet is sifted by Time's winnowing-fan.
Haply the poet's dream shall hold,
And nature's age of gold
Complete the cycle of humanity.
When the full time is ripe,
Is born the perfect type;
God's plan evolves the race that is to be,—
When all the soul-activities are free
And life's full chord is perfect harmony.

XI.

But while the generations fall asleep,
Sow the good seed ye reap.
Build on the old foundations firm and sure
The virtues that endure;
Revere the ancient rule
Of church and school;
Lift the proud pile by each well-tempered tool,

*Rev. Jona. Parsons observed an annual day of fasting and prayer for his posterity

And, though to vast expansions grown,
Integrity be still the corner stone—
Honor and purity alone
Rear its proportions true,
While faith shall round the dome
Up to the spheric blue.
There strong-winged Hope shall fly
Through widening arcs of love's refulgent sky,
In that grand temple all our growing race
Shall gather face to face
In their eternal home,—
For Thou, O Lord, hast been our dwelling-place.

After the reading of the ode by Mrs. Hopkins, President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Standing here today, surrounded by the comforts of modern civilization, it is difficult to realize the suffering and privation endured by those who planted their homes in this wilderness in 1635. It is especially desirable on this occasion that we should turn our thoughts backward to the events that have made the past memorable in our local history, and briefly review the lives and characters of those who have given strength and stability to our institutions. With this object in view the committee of arrangements have invited a distinguished descendant of one of the old Newbury families to address you. By ties of kinship as well as by scholarly acquirements he is qualified to speak to you upon the topic that is today of special and peculiar interest to you all. I have the honor to introduce to you Samuel Colcord Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College.

When the applause that greeted this announcement had subsided President Bartlett, advancing to the front of the platform, proceeded to deliver the following historical address, which was listened to with great interest during its delivery, and warmly applauded at its close:

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL COLCORD BARTLETT, D. D. LL. D.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1634, the town of Agawam consented "that John Perkins, junior, should build a weir on the river Quascacunquen." But "in case a plantation should there settle, he is to submit himself to such conditions as shall by them be imposed."

This proviso was a prophecy. Already the eye of the

colonist was fixed upon the spot. The praises of the place had been sounded in the mother country. One William Wood had returned to England in 1633, after four years' residence in Massachusetts, and published in London, "A true, lively and experimental description of that part of America commonly called New England." In his review of all the settlements, actual and prospective, he reserves his choicest for the last. "Agawam," he says, "is the best place but one, which is Merrimack, lying eight miles beyond it, where is a river twenty leagues navigable. All along the river are fresh marshes, in some places three miles broad. In this river is sturgeon, salmon and bass, and divers other kinds of fishes. To conclude, the country hath not that which this place doth not yield."

His Merrimack was our Newbury. And while his measurements may be assigned to that part of his narrative which he calls "lively," his report of the general excellence of the site belongs to that part which may be termed "true." We know the place as it was two hundred and fifty years ago. A miscellaneous growth of trees—alder, poplar, pine, white oak and hickory, stretched across the township. The streams on its borders so abounded in fish that the sturgeon gave name to the Merrimack. The harbor was inviting and ample for the small craft of the times. The general level, varied with hill and easy slope, offered a wide range of fertile "meadow, marsh and upland." Green islands dotted the bosom of the Merrimack and skirted the harbor. The northward outlook from the hill-tops terminated with the round summit of Agamenticus, while eastward the glistening waters of the ocean stretched boundlessly away. Blackbirds,

woodpeckers, jays and crows filled the air with their notes. Wolves prowled around, and foxes, red and silver-grey, ranged the fields and forests. For a century yet was the straggling moose to be shot on the northern bank of the Merrimack, and wandering wild geese killed on Plum Island; while later still the occasional bear crossed Ilsley's hill, and the wild deer hurried through the streets of West Newbury to the woods of Cape Ann. "Great Tom the Indian" now had his wigwam by Indian Hill, "John Indian" apparently near "the Lower Green," and John Perkins, no doubt, was tending his fish-traps on the Quascacunquen.

Such was the sylvan scene. Meanwhile a band of settlers was wintering in Agawam, and waiting only for the spring, to disturb the solitude of John Perkins, and in due time to buy out all the "right, title and interest" held by Great Tom and his congeners in the "woods, commons and lands" of old Newbury.

The township names of this whole region around us betray the origin of its colonists. In a narrow belt that stretches across the southern counties of England, lie the towns of Newbury, Salisbury, Marlboro, Amesbury and Bradford; while in another belt, some forty miles to the north, are the towns of Ipswich, Haverhill, Byfield and Hampton. It marks the affectionate memories still clinging to the mother land, that these became names of the new homes beyond the ocean, and were, most of them, again transplanted to the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont.

The ninety-one first proprietors—not all first settlers—of Newbury, were a colony complete and well equipped.

They represented the best working forces of southern England. There were two scholarly ministers, several land owners and men of property, two or three merchants, "yeomen," carpenters, tanners, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, shoemakers, weavers, a physician, a sea-captain and mate, a cooper, a saddler, a dyer, even a glover, and—last but not least—a maltster. Old families of England were represented in some of their younger branches, who had turned Puritan and come hither to seek their fortunes. The University of Oxford, which lies just midway between Newbury and Byfield in England,—thirty miles from each,—contributed its share in the persons of Thomas Parker and James Noyes,—the one a student of Magdalen, the other of Brazenmose college,—the former bearing the reputation of eminent scholarship, the latter "well skilled in Greek, and well read in the Schoolmen and Fathers."

Such was the goodly company, of which the first band —some twenty-three in number, with their families— might have been seen one morning in the spring of 1635 sailing through Plum Island sound and up Parker river, to a spot on the northern bank, a hundred rods below the present bridge. And there Nicholas Noyes first leaped on shore.

Unfortunately the men who make history seldom write it. Of the new experiences and stirring events, one characteristic fact alone is handed down. On a Sunday, perhaps in June, we might have seen them gathered beneath a spreading oak to listen to a sermon on church polity and discipline, then joining in solemn covenant, and, by vote of the uplifted hand, electing Thomas Parker and

James Noyes their pastor and teacher. All the stir of active life began at once: a meeting-house erected and a house for the ministers, house-lots assigned within a half-mile of the meeting-house, planting lots, meadow lots, and a great tract for pasturage laid out, an ordinary licensed, and, before the year's end, the birth of Mary Brown, the first white child.

With the assembling of the Long Parliament in 1640 and the impeachment of Strafford and Laud, all emigration ceased. But Old Newbury had now become a well organized settlement, with its mill at the Falls and its ferry at Carr's Island, with its town-meetings and fines for non-attendance, its seven men or selectmen, its constables and highway surveyors, its physician exempt from taxes, its schoolmaster, its public notary and register, its merchants, its herdsmen, haywards and shipmaster, its pound for stray cattle and its stocks for bad men, its sentinels to stand guard "with arms complete" during church service, and its politics so high that ten of its freemen footed it forty miles to Cambridge to elect John Winthrop governor and defeat Henry Vane. It was the auspicious beginning of an intelligent, active and thriving community. They grappled at once with the new world of their changed condition, and rapidly cleared themselves of the bondage of the past. It is difficult for us to conceive the vast transition from the humdrum of stereotyped village life in England to the bustle and whirl of a new colony in America. It was a forth-putting in every line of action and of legislation. The early records tell the tale of incessant, multifarious enterprise—the busy hum of the young swarm in the new hive. It is a story of grants,

boundaries, taxes, exemptions, farms, mills, bridges, wharves, highways, and ordinaries, offers to capitalists and settlers, encouragement to physicians and school-masters, to fishermen and tanners, provision for the poor, care of the public lands and timber, and bounties on the birds and beasts destructive to flocks and crops, and the universal oversight of the public morals. Nothing was beyond the range of the town meeting and the selectmen. But the church and the school were the pet themes.

With what loving minuteness did they legislate on the location of the meeting-house, the pay of the minister, the construction of the galleries, the admission of pews, the seating of all the worshippers, the purchase of a bell, the choice of a bell-man and the sending of a boy to tell him when to ring the first and second bells, with a flag to be hung out at the first and taken in at the second, the tolling of the bell till the minister comes, the nine o'clock bell at night, the winging down of the principal seats after sweeping, the appointment of a precentor to "tune the psalm," and even the seat he should occupy,—"the fore seat in the south body"—the employment of tything men to see that all the families "attend the public worship of God." and, alas, to keep the boys in order when there. And with what strenuous and persistent earnestness did they maintain the graver matters of religion and the church.

And next the church in their thoughts lay the school. One of the first ministers was the first schoolmaster. In three years came Anthony Somerby, encouraged "to keep school for one year" by the grant of "four acres of upland and six acres of salt marsh." Symbolically enough

the school was first kept in the meeting-house, then for a time in the watch-house, then in private residences, and at length in the school-house proper. The successive bargains with the schoolmaster and with the Latin school master, provision for a school-house, a "free school," a grammar school, and (in 1694) "for the accommodation of a good and sufficient school dame,"—and the like—are prominent matters of town record throughout the history.

These early records are not wanting in quaintness. When Captain Paul White was granted half an acre of land "provided he do build a dock and warehouse," the town "granteth no liberty of freehold or commonage upon it, and if he shall hereafter sell it, the town shall have the forsaking of it;" and the description of the half-acre was this: "At the end of Fish street joyneing to Merrimack river on the northwest, and from the river by the great rocks in a strait line to a stake by the way, and from that stake to another stake westerly by another great rock, and from a stake running over part of the rock upon a strait lyne westward to another stake by the rock."

Notwithstanding this precariousness of tenure and ambiguity of description, Captain White built the dock and got the land. And nigh two centuries before the coining or imagining of the phrase "woman's rights," a coroner's jury of twelve women held an inquest over Elizabeth Hunter, and they declared "according to their best light and contiens that the death of said Elizabeth, was not by any wrong or violence done to her by any parson or thing, but by some sudden stopping of her breath."

Our fathers had their incidental peculiarities. But

these have in later days been dragged out into enormous and often exclusive prominence. Our ancestors were men and women like ourselves, but I think better and nobler, more just and conscientious, more earnest and true. They had as clear heads, live hearts and tender sympathies as we. They had their virtues and imperfections; but the virtues were substantial, the imperfections superficial. Newbury was not an Arcadia. It had its troubles. There was in 1639 "much disturbance in the public meeting by reason of divers speaking at one and the same time." Offenders were not wanting. One man was fined for selling strong water without a license, another for suffering five Indians to be drunk at his house, a third for selling Indians liquor on the Lord's day. This man was put in the stocks for abusive carriage to his wife and child; that man was presented for reproachful speeches cast on the elders and others at a public church meeting, and one woman was presented for "using reproachful language unto Goody Silver," "base lying divell, base lying tode." One of the chief proprietors was "bound over in sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence for contemptuous speech and carriage to Mr. Saltonstall." Nay the wife of Joseph Swett was presented and fined for wearing a silk hood and scarf when her husband was worth less than two hundred pounds, though it is grievous to relate that four other wives, whose husbands were worth more than two hundred pounds, were by law permitted to flaunt in all the silken gorgeousness of hood and scarf. Such sumptuary laws as this, however, came down from England under Elizabeth, and all the influence of the magistrate could not keep them alive.

Their peculiarities were often not peculiar. Some of them were but the universal stain of the age, not all washed out in the ocean voyage, but soon to fade away. Our fathers had cleared themselves at a bound from such a mass of the exuviae of the mother country, that the few remaining spots have attracted the world's attention by the very contrast. Some of the peculiarities were but an intense recoil from the mummeries of an effete religion and from all its outward badges. The cross on the king's colors was to them the "relique of anti-Christian superstition." The organ long seemed to them as they had seen it used, a papistical device. They were slow to admit what they called dumb-reading of the scriptures, that is, reading without comment, because associated in their minds with the unintelligent readings and recitings of Romanism. They had come out of the thick of the battle, and these things seemed to them as the stars and bars seemed to a Union soldier after years of hard and bloody warfare. These things had become to them the very badge and banner of a ruinous superstition, and they recoiled from them with an intensity almost like that with which their posterity recoiled from using or permitting to use the petty stamps which marked their subjection to a despotic power beyond the ocean.

But there are two famous topics connected with the region, on which I wish to say that vastly too much has been said already; and that much of the censure has been as one-eyed and heedless as much of the concession and defence has been mistaken and needless. I refer to the matter of Quakers and witches. Here the blame for the boundless sins of the ages and nations has been brought

and laid at the door, so to speak, of infinitesimal and transient sinners, repentant too; and so the accumulated vials of wrath have been poured out on the least of all the offenders. There was grave wrong-doing. But it is time that the blows dealt were proportioned to the offence and the offenders.

Old Newbury, indeed, never had witch nor Quaker hung. But it is true that seventeen witnesses bore testimony against Elizabeth Morse as a witch, and that she was condemned, reprieved, and barely saved. It is also true that Newbury men were fined for entertaining Quakers. But it is fair to remember that in the same year in which John Emery was fined four pounds for this last offence, and Lydia Wardwell, the Quakeress, was severely whipped, the same Lydia Wardwell had already presented herself naked in the meeting-house at Newbury. And if the young colony, in its weakness, by law excluded a conflicting and at that time disorderly element from its narrow precincts, wherein was the government more blameworthy than the Congress of these United States, which in the hour of greatness and strength, and with two hundred years of additional light, today prohibits Chinese laborers from entering this broad land. And when on the fourth of March, in the year of our Lord 1885, the President of the United States declares to the nation that "these prohibitory laws must be rigidly enforced," and the listening multitude applaud with cheer upon cheer, what has the nineteenth century to say to the seventeeth? When, therefore, an English historian of our time goes out of his way to remark that "the Puritans fleeing from persecution to New England, put people to death for no

other crime than that they preached doctrines differing from their own," we will not raise the question whether it was solely for opinion's sake, nor will we dilate on the persistent eagerness that rushed upon martyrdom, nor will we frame an apology. Yet we will turn and ask him if he knows how extensive was the martyrdom, and how it compares with similar scenes in modern history. For the imagination reverts at once to the hundred thousand victims burned, strangled, beheaded, and buried alive in the Netherlands by order of the illustrous Charles Fifth; to the thirty thousand lives destroyed and the 290,000 savage punishments inflicted in Spain by the Inquisition before the end of that century; to the Auto-da-fé at Lisbon, a century after the Quaker delusion, where fifty heretics were put to death at one festivity; or perhaps to "Merrie England" with its tortures and fires, and its hundreds of victims dragged to death solely for opinion's sake;—and we ask again, how many were the Quaker martyrs in the whole history of Massachusetts? They were just four, all told. And these were just four too many. But the law itself had been enacted by the majority of a single vote.

And when we speak of the witchcraft delusion, it is possible for us to be somewhat deluded too. Our forefathers' folly was but a drop in the bucket, or rather in the river, of infatuation that had been streaming down upon them from the past, and was sweeping by them into the future. It was incorporated in literature, embodied in the law, and entrenched in the religious belief of the ages. There was at that very time, and for forty years more, a law on the statute book of England, defining carefully

the crime of witchcraft, and making the penalty "death without benefit of clergy." The number of witches executed in England during the first eighty years of that century, has been estimated at forty thousand,* of whom three thousand were destroyed in the time of the Long Parliament alone. Witches were officially executed in Great Britain a quarter of a century, and in Germany a full century, after the last execution in New England. And now in this mass of folly that filled the whole civilized world, what was New England's share? How many were actually put to death? Nineteen, all told. And then the delusion passed away forever, overwhelmed by the mighty force of universal sentiment—one judge making public confession of his wrong and observing through life the anniversary of his first sentence as a day of penitence, fasting and prayer, the twelve jurymen publishing a recantation and appeal for forgiveness for their "sad delusion," the leading church revoking its action and forcing out its minister, and the General Court at length reversing its convictions and attainders, and granting money payments to surviving relatives. No other land ever witnessed a furor so brief, a reaction so profound, or a repentance so deep. And if men still pride themselves on the superiority of our times to such delusions, we point them to the "Spiritism" of our day, and the absurd gibberish and inane tricks which its votaries have sometimes accepted as coming from the spirits of the once intelligent dead.

*Charles Mackay's Popular Delusions, vol. II. p. 141. (London, 1869). Mackay gives also the number for the thirty-nine years previous to the accession of James First (in 1603) at seventeen thousand. II. p. 135.

In all these things our ancestors were in advance of their age. And the attention that has been directed to their remaining errors is absurdly disproportionate. So long as perfection is not claimed for them, they need no special defence. They had high ideals and, with fallible judgments, they strove to realize them. They framed their lives to the standard of the Scriptures, but they may have made the frame too narrow. Some of their inconsistencies were their too rigid consistencies. We do not care to apologize for them, except as sharing our common humanity. We simply say, show us better men if you can, before them, or since, or now.

Their business was conducted on Christian principles. They dealt equitably with the few straggling natives that were found upon their territory. John Indian had a lot assigned him in the new town; Great Tom was bought out. And more than sixty years after the first occupation, the selectmen extinguished by formal purchase the last claim presented by the helpless grandson of the old Sagamore Maseonomo. The only transactions that disturbed the quiet of the early days grew out of the strong hold of their principles upon their whole life. If from time to time there were earnest struggles over the very location of their meeting-houses, it was because the house of God was the visible symbol and centre of all their hopes and purposes. And when there arose, ten years from the settlement, a well nigh thirty years' contest between two nearly balanced parties, it was over a fundamental question—a question involving their whole church polity—whether the government of the church was in the hands of the ministers or of the brethren. Throughout

the opposition caused by the Rev. Thomas Parker's lapse from his original theory of popular church government, the parish never but for a single year attempted to reduce his salary. And when the majority, who signed themselves his "loving but afflicted brethren," deemed it their duty to suspend him from the ministry, they closed their communication by assuring him that "as a gifted brother you may preach for the edification of the church if you please." And so for a quarter of a century they listened to his preaching, paid his salary, and honored his name as long as Parker river shall flow to the sea. Such honorable traits and facts are never to be forgotten.

Nor should it be forgotten how the sterling character of the early stock not only in due time bore fruit after its kind, but by an elective affinity drew around it elements to form a highly choice community. Perhaps no town of equal size in the country has furnished a stock more prolific in families and men of mark. I will not attempt to recount their names; for any attempt to enumerate would leave the tale half told. Many of these names are household words.

Such were the forces which began their work two hundred years ago, quietly and steadily held on their way, and have achieved their admirable results. How they wrought on year after year and gradually spread themselves over new territory, till the chief seat of population was transferred from the Parker river to the Merrimack, must be sought in the histories of Newbury and Newburyport. Often under heavy burdens. Yea, through what scenes have they passed. Strange and frightful was the series of earthquakes that began during the town

meeting in 1638, and continued with brief intervals for a hundred and fifty years, with near two hundred recorded shocks.* At three different times did the vast and invincible army of caterpillars become a pest and glean the forests for miles around. The tornado repeatedly swept over the town, once even lifting the meeting-house with the people within. Once only did the savages burst into the settlement. The terrors of the small-pox at times amounted to a panic, when the hospital was built in a pasture, with a double guard around it to shut out and shut in, and smoke-houses were erected at Oldtown and Thorla's bridges, to fumigate all travellers and goods.

Still more awful was the fright, near a century ago, when the yellow fever came, and stayed from June till October. Travellers shunned the place. Residents fled or imprisoned themselves at home. Streets were barred off. Business was suspended, and pleasures arrested. Funeral rites were omitted. The dead were carried at night in rude coffins and a ruder hearse to the cemetery; and the living shunned the very grave. But with five and fifty victims the pestilence was arrested by the merciful frost. Even more appalling were the earlier ravages of the

*Sometimes to the last degree appalling. Thus in 1727 the noise was like "thunder" with a roar as of "ten thousand coaches on a pavement," and cannon-like explosions following each other, burst upon burst, by the half-hour together. Houses rocked, chimneys fell, stone walls were thrown down, a new spring burst forth, and the earth heaved up great heaps of sand. Families rushed by night from their shaking houses out upon the trembling earth, in momentary fear of being swallowed up alive. And when we remember that the worst visitation in the same year (1727) in which 60,000 persons perished thus in Lisbon, and that the second recorded shock was in the year (1638) when the city of Euphebia in Calabria disappeared forever, we can understand why our fathers should have been "desirous of leaving it on record to the view of after ages, that all might take notice of Almighty God, and fear his name."

throat distemper, when family after family was bereft of every child, and from a single street of the town eighty persons were laid in the grave. Then indeed "was there a voice heard, lamentation, weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted."

Yet the current of life, progress and prosperity flowed on. No doubt the business of the place has encountered a chief permanent obstacle in the bar that closed its harbor; while in the race of competition it has also received direct and heavy blows. The English, French and Danish spoliations of our commerce, grave as they were, did not prevent the growth of Newburyport in wealth, population, and the accumulation of large fortunes. But the embargo and the non-intercourse Acts, and the war that followed, were unmitigated disasters. "During that calamitous period," says Mr. Cushing, "our seamen were thrown out of employment; our traders lost their customers; the farmers left our markets; and our merchants were compelled to sit down idly and see their ships rotting at their docks." In the very midst of this depression, when misfortune was borne in on every breeze that swept the ocean, burst forth the great calamity on land, the famous fire of 1811, the greatest conflagration of the country till that time, and in its proportions quite as disastrous as any since. Its fearful brightness and its resistless power have been too often described to be repeated now. They hover over the place as one of the weird traditions of the past. The light of the flames was seen sixty miles away, and when they died down there was a long and lurid darkness over the place. In three years

the ratable property of Newburyport fell from seven millions to four, and in nine years more to two millions and a half. Capital and enterprise never fully rallied from these combined and culminating shocks. Thenceforth they carried weight. Meanwhile began the slow and fate-like changes in the great currents of business, the growing centralizations, intensified a hundred fold by the power of steam, whereby the rural districts surrender to the village, the village to the town, the town to the cities, and the cities to the great metropolis. And so our ancient township has halted in the race. But she still lives on honorably in the present and gloriously in the past. She sits like some peaceful mother in the serenity of advancing years, rejoicing in the work of her hands amid the well earned honors that adorn her life, and living anew in the fame of her sons.

The annals of Newbury form a luminous chapter in the history of New England. No man can turn his eye thoughtfully over the history of these years now numbered with the past, but he shall say, it is a noble, if not a brilliant record, and that in almost every line of mark.

One of the foremost characteristics has been business energy and skill. The town seemed to spring into being, as it were, in full symmetry. The day of crudeness and tentative experiments is unrecorded. All is precision and grasp. A band of clear-headed men—men of substance and pliant force—are found to have dropped down on the primitive wilderness, and the wilderness has begun to blossom. In the first decade all the functions of a thrifty village life are working on well nigh as smoothly and roundly for the time as they are today. Without peculiar

local advantages the town rose rapidly, by the sheer force of home enterprise, to wealth and prominence, and long maintained clearly the second or third place in Massachusetts. I need not mention her fisheries, her trade coastwise and oceanic, her distilleries before the days of temperance, and above all her ship-building, with the various subsidiary handicrafts, the sources of abounding prosperity. There have been times when on this side of the Merrimack a hundred vessels were seen building at once. During the first century of the nation's independence, this vicinity, of which Newbury is the central and chief contributor, sent out upon the ocean the vast fleet of two thousand ships of every size and description—armed vessels and merchantmen, privateers, clippers and steamers, from thirty to three thousand tons burden, to range the ocean from the West Indies to the East. Nor has the glory yet departed. Meanwhile the forceful activity of the early settlers found its way into the various forms and appliances of enterprise. It was ever at the front. Some of these industries have passed away with the occasion and opportunity. The old township claims the first woolen mill in Massachusetts and the first broad cloth made in America, the first nail factory in the world, the first chain bridge in the United States, the first and second daily paper in the county, the first arithmetic composed, the first music book and the first incorporated academy in America, the first Sunday school and the first Female High school in Massachusetts, the first destruction of tea before the Revolution, and after it the first unfold-

ing of the Stars and Stripes on the river Thames.*

In these latter days the name of Jacob Perkins stands for the highest inventive genius, that of Paul Moody for the best mechanical skill; the name of John Cabot Lowell is identified with all that is excellent in the cotton-factory system of New England, and that of William Wheelwright with the Steam Navigation Company and the railway system of South America, and all their far-reaching influences.

Nor has this enterprise and wealth been wanting in beneficence and public spirit. All forms of suffering and want have found a ready response. Besides the somewhat exceptional care for the poor which has characterized this settlement from early times, such special institutions as the Merrimack Humane, the Marine, the Howard Benevolent, and the General Benevolent societies, and a multitude of minor organizations—some of which have passed away with the occasion, and some are working on—have expressed the heart of the community. There was a time, more than a hundred and fifty years ago (1728) when the several churches had their select committees with monthly meetings, "to consider what may be for the good of the town in general." No call, at home or abroad, has come amiss. Is Governor Winthrop embarrassed with heavy losses by his fraudulent bailiff? Richard Dummer sends a hundred pounds for his relief. Does the young college at Cambridge need a new brick building? Newbury sends thirty pounds—her third do-

*The writer has not personally verified these claims, but given them on the authority of others.

nation. Does the small-pox in Boston carry off a hundred victims in a season? Old Newbury sends her contributions for the Boston poor. Does the cry of distress come from famine-stricken Ireland? Twenty-five hundred dollars was the ready response from Newburyport. Sufferers by fire have always found a peculiarly prompt and tender sympathy. Petersburg, Wiscasset, Gloucester, Fayetteville, Charleston, Fall River, Nantucket, Portland, Chicago, Boston, shall bear witness. There were collections for the sufferers by storm at Rockport, and by the drought at the Cape Verde Islands. There was a society to promote the religious welfare of the Isles of Shoals, and after the Greek Revolution a Richmond Circle to support schools in Greece, yes, in Athens itself. Liberal gifts to the public retrieve the memory of Timothy Dexter. Brown and Putnam remembered the public schools. The Public Library and the statue of Washington are monuments of generous donors. A hundred and twenty years ago William Dummer founded his well-known academy, a nursery of famous men. Three-quarters of a century ago Moses Brown gave $36,000 to Andover Seminary, and William Bartlet began toward the same institution the princely munificence of $200,000, then well-nigh unparalleled in the land.

This ancient township has been a favorite abode of education and culture. Perhaps in this sphere no part even of Massachusetts has shown a more permanent and consistent zeal. In 1639 lands were appropriated for the use of the schoolmaster, and the annual provision for his support seems to have been as regular as the town meeting. A chief argument for the separate incorporation of New-

buryport (in 1764) was the need of better school accommodations for that part of the old township; and at the first town meeting after that incorporation, measures were adopted for the great expansion and "honorable support" of the public schools. Thirty years later Newburyport could boast of two more public schools than Boston.* Here was tried more than sixty years ago, and successfully too, the experiment of Lancasterian schools. Here at the same time was an African school, before the colored children had, as now, all the educational privileges of the place. No town has been earlier or more honorably distinguished by special provisions for the education of its daughters; and nobly have its daughters responded to their opportunities. Some of them, like Hannah Gould, Lucy Hooper, Hannah Lee, have spoken to the ear and heart of the great public; some, like Jane Greenleaf and Mary Crocker, have shone in beneficent and missionary work; and a great and goodly company of them have lived, and still live, to grace the scenes and fill the joys of social life.

The highest education has found here a liberal and constant patronage. Benjamin Woodbridge was of the

*This statement, which has been criticised by a writer in the Boston Transcript of June 15, 1885, is simply and literally a quotation from the *Essex Journal* of 1793, as cited in Mrs. Smith's History of Newburyport, p. 149. The *Journal* affirms that there were then "nine public schools" containing "about nine hundred children now educating at the public expense. Notwithstanding the smallness of this town, when compared with Boston, *there are two more public schools here than in that place*." The Transcript writer confirms this statement by saying that in Boston in 1794 there were "seven public schools, so described" and "the number of pupils was nearly 900," that is, two public schools less than those of Newburyport, and about the same number of pupils in them. As to the grade or character of the schools, the speaker made no comparison. The italics are found in the citation by Mrs. Smith.

first class, and probably was the first man to receive a degree at Harvard college. From that time to this, Newbury graduates from New England colleges are counted by hundreds. It is a list of men useful and honored, and many of them eminent, in the public walks of life. More than a hundred have been ministers of the gospel, among them men of renown, both living and dead. We have given to Bowdoin and to Hobart colleges each an accomplished president, Woods and Hale, and to Harvard two, Webber and Felton, besides such eminent professors as Pearson and Noyes. In the legal profession what brighter lights, in their several spheres, has New England seen, than Theophilus Parsons, Caleb Cushing, and Simon Greenleaf? Who can call the roll of the distinguished teachers, the able editors, the skillful physicians, of whom it can be said, "this man was born here." Hither came Isaiah Thomas, three years before the Revolution, to publish the Essex Journal and Merrimack Packet. In the early part of the present century Newburyport was peculiarly a bookish town. Eight journals established in as many years, half a dozen "social" libraries in operation at the same time, and somewhat later a public debating society, a Linnean Society, Mozart Society, Horticultural Society, and Lyceum, and a lively book trade of high order, all indicate the intellect, refinement and culture that tinged the bright social life of the town, and invested it with attractions for scholarly men, second only to those of New England's metropolis.

Patriotism also has found a chosen home in this ancient town. In every military movement, from the first Indian war to the last battles of the rebellion, she has borne her

part. Less than two years from the first settlement eight citizens marched under Stoughton to suppress the murderous Pequots in Connecticut. Sixty-seven soldiers went to the war against King Philip, and in the decisive fight at Narraganset they furnished one-third of the wounded and slain. The men of Newburyport hastened to share in the overthrow of Andros; and one of them arrived in season, his dangling sword, as you well know, leaving "a stream of fire all the way from here to Boston" —and, we may add, from that day to this. In the next year soldiers were sent for the defence of Amesbury and Salisbury; and sixteen volunteers took part in the unfortunate expedition of Phipps against Quebec. In the French and Indian war our Captain John March received fifty pounds from the General Court for his "brave defence" and his wounds at Casco fort. A large number of our troops bore a part in the reduction of Louisburg, and again in the expedition to Crown Point, and in the battle of Lake George, where our gallant Colonel Titcomb fell. Our troops shared in the taking of Louisburg and the capture of forts Frontenac and Du Quesne. The town was ripe for the Revolution long before it came. In 1754 it voted the excise bill to be "an infringement of the natural rights of Englishmen." In 1768 the young ladies were drinking their "liberty tea" made of rib-wort; and about this time Newbury and Newburyport were denouncing the stamp act, joining the non-importation agreement, thanking Boston for its "vigilance and patriotic zeal," and in '73 pledging assistance "at the risque of our lives and fortunes." When the midnight news came from the fight at Lexington, four companies

from Newbury and Newburyport hurried to the field of action. During the investment of Boston these towns sent six hundred pounds to that suffering city. At Bunker Hill the company of Captain Perkins fought to the last by the "rail fence," where the bullets were "thick as peas," and the company of Captain Lunt gallantly covered the retreat. Our soldiers joined Arnold's expedition to Quebec in the days of his glory, and on the night of his treachery our John Brown and Samuel Pillsbury were in vain tempted by the traitor to follow him to the deck of the Vulture. Our troops were at Long Island and White Plains, and at the surrender of Burgoyne. This port was very nearly, if not quite, first as well as foremost in the privateering of the war. The cruisers of Nathaniel Tracy alone captured one hundred vessels and 2200 prisoners. But what havoc was wrought in these homes. "Seventy-two vessels, with crews numbering more than a thousand men, sailed from Newburyport and were never heard of again." To the war of 1812 Newbury shared the general opposition of New England, and from it she sustained, as she feared, irreparable loss. In the war of the rebellion our troops responded to the first call, and throughout the struggle Newburyport exceeded her quota both in money and in men.

But the crowning trait of this ancient township has been her religion. Around this, it may be truly said, all else has centred. A church was her earliest institution, and churches have been her maturest fruits, as a dozen bells emphatically told us at sunrise this morning. Upon the workings of the first church for a quarter of a century was concentrated the interest, not only of the town,

but of the colony; and the affairs of the several churches have absorbed to a remarkable degree the attention of this community through its whole history. The discussions and, if you please, the controversies they have aroused, show the tenacity with which the men held the religion, and the religion held the men. Some of their scruples have long lost significance. But most of them were matters of import. Nor can it be for a moment doubted that religion was the primal source of their life and power. But for their religion they would not have been here, nor would they have been what they were. The settlement of the town and of its parts, was gauged by the location of the meeting house, and its social life has been largely tinged by its parochial life. The very soldiers on their way to fight the Pequots halted to settle the question whether they were under a covenant of grace or of works. And the catechism left by Pastor Noyes shows also that the original type of that religion was the type of which Froude the historian speaks thus: "When all else has failed—when patriotism has covered its face, and human courage has broken down—when intellect has yielded, as Gibbon says, with a smile or a sigh, content to philosophize in the closet and abroad worship with the vulgar—when emotion and sentiment, and tender imaginative piety have become handmaids of superstition, and dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there is any difference between lies and truth—the slavish form of belief called Calvinism, in one or other of its many forms, has ever borne an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder

like flint than to bend before violence or melt under enervating temptation."

It has been a religion full of beneficence, as we have seen, and of good morals. And singularly enough, this old conservative place was one of the earliest homes of the anti-slavery agitation. Three years before our Independence the slave Cæsar Hendrick sued Simon Greenleaf for detaining him in slavery, and recovered eighteen pounds damages, and costs. In the following year the North church resounded with two stirring anti-slavery sermons from Nathaniel Niles; and deacon Coleman of Newbury began in the Essex Journal his long and vigorous series of protests against slavery. In later days here was the birth-place of the great agitator, William Lloyd Garrison, who also found one-fourth of the first members of the New England Anti-Slavery Society in Newbury and Newburyport. And it is a noteworthy fact that in the same season in which a public meeting was held here to express resistance to the Nullifiers of the South, his fellow-citizens refused a hearing to one whom they regarded as the great Nullifier of the North.

The clergy have commonly been foremost in counsel, in action, and in honor. Rev. Paul Moody went as chaplain in the expedition to Louisburg, and Samuel Spring to Quebec. John Lowell preached to Col. Titcomb and his soldiers before they set out for Crown Point. Parson Toppan at midnight, from a cart, exhorted the recruits for Lexington. Rev. Jonathan Parsons, after a sermon, called out in the broad aisle volunteers for Boston and Bunker Hill. And the honors which this entire community paid to the Reverend Dr. Dana on his semi-centennial

illustrated alike their respect for the man and the ministry. And well has the ministry of Newbury and Newburyport earned respect and honor. The names of Toppan, Parish, Woods, Spring, Bass, Proudfit, Dana, Dimmick, Withington, and others, living and dead, are names of renown. Here labored at various times, with extraordinary power, that prince of English preachers, George Whitefield; here he died and here he lies buried. In the teeming brains of a Newburyport and a Salem minister, as they rode together in a chaise to Bradford, sprang up the grand scheme of the American Board of Missions; and from this port, in 1815, sailed the band of missionaries—ordained in the old Titcomb street church—that first carried the gospel to Ceylon. Of the thousands of vessels that have sailed hence over the wide ocean, none have borne more precious freight than when the brig Dryad carried Meigs, Bardwell, Warren, Richards, and Poor to their noble work.

Such are some of the facts and traits that have marked the history of this community. It is not easy, in this, its time of comparative restfulness, to imagine all the stir of the long past—what activities and festivities, what enterprise and bustle, what pomps and parade, what style and equipage, what brightness and fashion, what glitter and profusion have here had their home. In the times when its merchantmen were pouring in all the luxuries of Europe, these capacious old mansions were filled with a famous and abounding hospitality, and a cultured social life. Its festive assemblies were gorgeous in gay apparel, winning in courtesy, elegant in equipage.

graceful in refinement, and stately in ceremonial. There was a time when a bride was drawn to her home by six white horses, with outriders, footmen and coachman in new liveries; when a young minister and his new-married wife were met and escorted by a procession of thirty chaises to meet a jovial assembly at the parsonage. The Hooper and Dalton estates were "the pride of Essex county;" and in 1780 to Prince Talleyrand and the French noblemen who accompanied him, the hospitality of John Tracy "breathed an air of magnificence." There have been public events that drew the eye and stirred the blood of the nation. From this port sailed Arnold with his fleet of eleven transport vessels, accompanied by Aaron Burr, and by Generals Morgan and Dearborn of Revolutionary fame, on the unfortunate expedition to Quebec. Into this port, four months later, were brought two British prize vessels in one day, six months before the Declaration of our Independence. Over Parker river bridge came General Washington escorted by cavalry, infantry and artillery, and followed by an immense procession, to be addressed by John Quincy Adams, and moved to tears by the Ode of Welcome. And here, too, his death was as publicly recognized, and Washington street laid out to hand down his name forever. Over the same bridge came President Monroe to be met by a regiment of cavalry and a great cavalcade of citizens, to be heralded by the roar of cannon and the ringing of bells, to pass through an avenue of youth arrayed in white and blue, and a throng of enthusiastic people, and to be entertained at a sumptuous banquet where all party distinctions disappeared. Hither also came La Fayette, the na-

tion's guest, welcomed by a vast crowd, whose ardor even the pouring rain could not dampen, to meet new friends and old companions in arms, and to sleep in the chamber and the couch of Washington.

Not the least of the gala days was the bi-centennial celebration, fifty years ago. It was a memorable day when that goodly company sat till the setting sun, enchained by the voices of Edward Everett, Stephen H. Phillips, Caleb Cushing, George Lunt, Robert C. Winthrop, and Samuel L. Knapp, and their blood bounded to the rolling chorus,

> Pilgrims and wanderers,
> Hither we come;
> Where the free dare to be,
> This is our home."

and the brightness of the evening, graced by the wives and daughters of these ancient homes, well nigh eclipsed the glories of the day. Indeed it has been a part of the abounding life of the place to share in the excitements of the times—as formerly in the roystering commemorations of the Gunpowder Plot, the fierce onslaught upon the stamp distributors, the strong indignation at the destruction of our commerce, or the vehement rejoicings over the down-fall of Napoleon. Every vibration in the atmosphere of public affairs has found here the mind to see, the nerve to feel, and the soul to respond.

Reminiscences like these, full as they are of pride and pleasure, often have their plaintive strain. They tell us of change. They are the echoes of a vanished voice, the lengthened shadows of a receding light. Commemora-

tions, even, are wistful gazings into the past. We are reminded today that the voices which here were eloquent half a century ago, are mostly silent, and the hands and hearts most active then are restful now. We are reminded that the relative prominence of this ancient township which we eulogize today, is to some extent that which has been But this is only the common lot, the inevitable fate. In a world of evolution and of revolution all things have their rise, their prime, and their decadence. One generation lights the torch and hands it along. A city or a state bears precious fruit and scatters it to the nations. Sometimes—as not here—there is complete decadence. The fisherman now spreads his nets at the wharves of Tyre. Bats guard the tombs of the Pharaohs. The spade alone reveals the glories of Nineveh and Babylon. Broken arches of an aqueduct mark the site of Carthage. Rome trades in the memories of her former glory. For aught we can tell, the Zulu may yet sit on a broken arch of London bridge, and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. But even when it is so, there hovers over the ancient seats of life and power a halo as deathless as human thought and feeling. The pilgrim from distant lands wends his way thither and peoples the spot with its pristine life. Though "the sun sets at night" yet "glory remains when the light fades away." With the setting sun a zodiacal glow streams upward to the zenith, and even through the long winter's night electric fires flash and flicker over the surface of the heavens.

But here is no sunset. It is the quiet afternoon of a luminous day. Wealth and comfort still cling to the place. Business enlivens the streets. Many a sail from

the Merrimack whitens the ocean. These schools send forth their perennial stream of youthful intelligence. This Public Library radiates increasing light. Vigorous manhood still grapples with all the problems of life, and feminine culture enlivens these homes. The stock that has furnished the commonwealth with so many men of mark, is still represented here, and the soil itself has not all passed away from the early families. The scattered sons of old Newbury are proud to trace back their lineage through seven generations to the banks of the Quascacunquen, and in their distant wanderings they have heard today the mother's call and hasten to the old homestead to keep jubilee together. We have come to rejoice in her serene and healthful joys, to offer our filial salutations, and to witness for ourselves how

> "well she keeps her ancient stock,
> The stubborn strength "like" Plymouth Rock,
> And still maintains with milder laws
> And clearer light the Good Old Cause,
> Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands
> While near her school the church-spire stands,
> Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule
> While near her church-spire stands the school."

We have come, summoned by no spectral drummer to some "Midnight Review" of the actors in scenes of devastation and carnage, but in the light of noon-day, drawn by filial instinct, to honor an ancestry eminent in civic virtues and moral worth. We have not marched hither with grand procession and martial music, but we have quietly gathered, as did they, with prayer and psalm and word of God. As we crossed Parker river, not far

from where Washington and La Fayette entered the place, we might well have said to the stranger on the train,

> "Invisible to thee
> Spirits twain have crossed with me."

As we have trod these streets, venerated forms from the distant past came walking by our side. These ancient churches are draped with sacred memories, and these modest mansions wreathed with hallowed associations. Could the roll-call of the past summon forth to the eye the men and women that are present to the mind's eye, jurists and divines, patriots and philanthropists, scholars and inventors, writers and teachers, distinguished civilians and strong men of business, of enterprise and of skill, with the wives and the mothers, the daughters and the sisters that formed, cheered, and held them to their high endeavor, what an august assembly would spring forth upon the sight. It is good to be here and to mingle in such company. It is well for us on this our festal day—our quarter-millennial—gathered from far and near, from all the walks and callings of life, in such an invisible presence to take each other by the hand and pledge eternal fealty to the truth and the right, and deathless devotion to the high law of duty to God and to man. So shall the perpetual benediction of an honorable ancestry pass down as an heir-loom to the remotest generation of their descendants; and many an absent son and daughter of the ancient home shall say,

> "My heart is at your festival,
> My head hath its coronal."

At the close of President Bartlett's address, which occupied one hour and twenty minutes, there was an earnest effort made on the part of the audience to induce Lieut. A. W. Greely, who was seated upon the platform, to offer a few remarks. Responding to this unexpected call, Lieut. Greely said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Fully appreciating the kind reception that you have accorded me on this occasion, I think it best to follow the programme arranged by the committee appointed for that purpose; and as I have been invited to speak at the dinner table this afternoon, I prefer not to interfere with the regular order of exercises in this hall.

The anthem, "Send out Thy Light," by Gounod, was then sung. The words are as follows:

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,
And let them bring me to Thy holy hill.
O God, then will I go unto Thy altar.
On the harp we will praise Thee, O Lord our God!

Why, O soul, art Thou sorrowful,
And why cast down within me?
Still trust the loving kindness
Of the God of thy strength,
And my tongue yet shall praise Him
Who hath pleaded my cause!

Lord our God!
Thou wilt save Thine anointed,
Thou wilt hear us from heaven;
Tho' in chariots some put their faith,
Our trust is in Thee!
They are brought down and fallen,
But the Lord is our helper,
We shall not be afraid.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. S. J. Spalding, and at half-past one o'clock the audience dispersed.

THE PROCESSION.

THE PROCESSION.

At the close of the exercises in City Hall, a procession was formed on Brown square, and the streets adjacent, and at two o'clock took up the line of march in the following order:

Detachment of Police under Command of Capt. Ira F. H. Blake.
Capt. Luther Dame, Chief Marshal.
Major Edward F. Bartlett, Chief of Staff.
Carter's Band of Boston,—22 pieces.
Companies A and B, Eighth Regiment, M. V. M., in Battalion Formation.
Capt. Oscar C. Longee commanding.
First Company, Capt. J. Albert Mills, 20 men.
Second Company, Lieut. Charles W. Adams, 20 men.
Third Company, Lieut. J. Herman Carver, 20 men.
Fourth Company, Lieut. Nehemiah A. Robbins, 20 men.
Antique Carriage, drawn by one Horse, driven by Albert Tilton dressed in the costume of the Seventeenth Century.

FIRST DIVISION.

Capt. David L. Withington, Marshal.

Aids:

Percy L. Dame, Henry B. Little, George W. Huse.

Historical Society of Old Newbury, with the banner displayed at the 200th Anniversary of the Settlement of Newbury.
Carriages containing the President of the Day, Orator, Officiating Clergymen, Committee on Literary Exercises, and Invited Guests.

SECOND DIVISION.

William E. Chase, Marshal.

Aids:

Charles A. Bliss, George H. Jaques,
Joseph D. Little, George F. Menzies.

Brown High, Female High and Putnam Free Schools, Newburyport,
70 scholars.

Bromfield Street Male Grammar School, Newburyport,
60 scholars.

Jackman Male Grammar School, Newburyport,
60 scholars.

Forrester Street Male Grammar School, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Hancock Street Female Grammar School, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Purchase Street Female Grammar School, Newburyport,
50 scholars.

Forrester Street Female Grammar School, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Kelley Grammar and Primary Schools, Newburyport,
185 scholars.

Bromfield Street Male Primary School, Newburyport,
50 scholars.

Hancock Street Female Primary School, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Purchase Street Female Primary School, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Jackman Male Primary School, Newburyport,
50 scholars.

Temple Street Female Primary School, Newburyport,
15 scholars.

Davenport Male Primary School, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Davenport Female Primary School, Newburyport,
20 scholars.

Kent Street (Mixed) Primary School, Newburyport,
50 scholars.

Ashland Street (Mixed) Primary School, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Plains and Moultonville (Mixed) Grammar and Primary Schools, Newburyport,
40 scholars.

Barges containing Small Children from the Public Schools of the City of Newburyport.

Lower Green School, Newbury, 37 scholars.
Upper Green School, Newbury, 30 scholars.
Ridge School, No. 2, Newbury, 30 scholars.
William P. Bailey's School, West Newbury, 30 scholars.
Maple and Centre Schools, West Newbury, 115 scholars.
West Newbury Grammar School, 32 scholars.

The procession proceeded up Green street, through Washington, up Market, up High, countermarched to State, through Middle, up Fair, through Orange, up Federal, down High, to the tent on March's Field.

There was no general attempt at decoration along the route, though many citizens displayed flags and bunting from their residences.

One of the most interesting features of the procession was the large number of children from the public schools of Newbury, West Newbury and Newburyport—estimated at over thirteen hundred in all—the small children riding in barges gaily decorated for the occasion; the larger ones walking and bearing garlands of flowers and evergreens.

As the procession passed through Orange street, Miss Phebe Harrod, nearly ninety-nine years of age, stood in the doorway of her house and viewed the display, receiving many bows and smiles of recognition which she gracefully returned.

Arriving at March's Field the members of the Historical Society with invited guests, entered the tent erected by Mr. R. M. Yale of Boston, and were conducted to seats reserved for them at the dinner tables. The children were escorted to another large tent on the same field, furnished by Mr. Howard P. Currier of Newburyport, and there partook of a bountiful collation provided by friends interested in the celebration.

THE DINNER.

THE DINNER.

The spacious tent in which the dinner was served was erected on March's Field, High street, opposite the head of Allen street, Newburyport. The following gentlemen, under the direction of Mr. Thomas E. Cutter, acted as ushers:

Edward A. Huse,	Frank H. Plumer,	William B. Knapp,
Herbert N. Woodwell,	Herbert M. Stevens,	George P. Tilton,
Ernest E. Clark,	Edward G. Moody,	William A. Barron,
William S. Currier.	Robert H. Hills,	Harry W. Bayley.

Preparations had been made to accommodate over one thousand persons, and when the company had assembled and the members of the Historical Society with invited guests had taken the seats assigned them, there were but few vacant places at the tables.

After grace had been said by Rev. D. T. Fiske, D. D., of Newburyport, the company were invited to partake of the viands set before them. While dinner was being served by J. Dooling of Boston, caterer, the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Thomas M. Carter of Boston, played the following selections of music:

1. Overture—"Tantalusqualen."..... *Suppe.*
2. Reminiscences of Verdi..... *Rèeves.*

When dinner had been disposed of, President Currier called the company to order, and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is not necessary for me to repeat the words of welcome, spoken by the President of the Historical Society, at City Hall this morning, but I will improve the opportunity to thank

you for your kind attention and attendance here today, and to assure you that your hearty co-operation and support have made it possible for the Committee of Arrangements to successfully carry out the plans matured by them.

There are still some interesting exercises to occupy your time and attention for the remainder of the afternoon. And now that dinner is over and the substantial viands are disposed of, it is my pleasant and agreeable duty to invite you to remain and partake of the intellectual feast that is to follow. In the exercise of the prerogative of my office, as President of the Day, I shall call upon many gentlemen of eminent ability, to address you. The remarks they will offer will necessarily be brief, as the number to be heard from is large and the time is limited. But the concentrated wit and wisdom of these, as yet, unspoken speeches, will compensate in part for their brevity. It would perhaps be your duty to sit patiently and quietly in your seats and listen attentively to some extended remarks, which the formalities of the occasion would seem to require from me, but I shall spare you that painful necessity, and yield the time to others who, I am sure, will interest and instruct you. In order to facilitate the presentation of topics, suggested by the events we commemorate, a toast-master has been appointed, and I now have the pleasure of introducing to you P. K. Hills, esq., of Newburyport, who has consented to act in that capacity, and will announce the sentiments that have been prepared.

The Toast-master then offered as the first regular toast.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

On this occasion we are all Democrats, we are all Republicans. Likewise, we have had an ample share of the loaves and fishes.

President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Old Newbury has always been patriotic and prompt in the support of the national government. On this occasion she offers the courtesies and civilities due to the chief magistrate of the nation, and I invite the band to respond with some patriotic air.

The band, under the direction of Mr. T. M. Carter, then played "Hail Columbia."

The Toast-master announced as the second regular toast:

THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS:

We repeat the language of her distinguished citizen, Daniel Webster, on a memorable occasion. "There she is. There is her history, the world knows it by heart. The past at least is secure."

President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In the absence of the Governor of the Commonwealth, I shall ask the President of the Senate to respond to

this sentiment, and as he is a descendant of one of the old Newbury families he is entitled, by ties of kinship as well as by virtue of his office, to be heard on this occasion. I take great pleasure in presenting to you Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury of Boston.

ADDRESS OF HON. A. E. PILLSBURY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I had almost forgotten, until reminded by the chairman, that the President of the Senate was here (laughter). As five or six generations of my ancestors lived and died here through a period of 150 years, I can fairly claim to be, if not a son, at least a grandson of Old Newbury, and it suits me better to consider that I am here by right of descent, rather than in an official capacity. Looking into the history of my ancestors, while I am by no means in the habit of lamenting the degeneracy of these times, I am struck by what appears to be a marked decadence in our family. I find that my ancestors in old Newbury were farmers, mechanics and men exercising other honest avocations of character, but I am obliged to admit that in late years we have lapsed into lawyers, doctors, ministers, and members of the Legislature. (Laughter and applause.) But so strong were the moral influences of your old town that it was not until the passage of many generations after they had left your midst that this descent began, and so Old Newbury is not responsible for it.

But, Mr. Chairman, I am not speaking to the sentiment to which you asked me to respond. I regret, as you all do, the absence of His Excellency the Governor from an occasion on which I know he would like to be present, when he would have done full justice to the sentiment and to you. But I cannot deny that I am proud to be, even by accident, in a position to speak for Massachusetts. Our Commonwealth has often been praised by eloquent lips. But in her character, her institutions, her laws, she speaks for herself with a voice more eloquent than that of any orator. (Great applause).

If you read the records of Old Newbury, you may trace in the lives and deeds of her people the elements which have made Massachusetts foremost among the commonwealths of this foremost nation of the world. The energy, the enterprise, and the patriotism which characterizes them has made Massachusetts what she is. I was reminded this morning, in listening to the eloquent address of the president of Dartmouth College, that it was the men of Newbury who first discovered that taxed tea was not healthy for the American constitution; and the men of Newbury, a little later, launched the first privateer against British commerce, and sent almost the first Massachusetts troops into the Continental army. It was the quality of these men of Newbury

and their contemporaries which gives Massachusetts her rank. She was foremost in the Revolution; her voice was most potent in establishing the new government, and in the great constitutional debates in which it was shaped and settled into permanence. She was the first in attacking the institution of slavery and first in rallying to the defence of the government against the armed assault of the slave power. This is part of the past of Massachusetts; and "the past," said Webster, "is secure."

What shall be her future? The future of Massachusetts is in our hands. The foundations of her prosperity have been laid broad and deep in the common school system and in the industries which have been established here on this barren soil where agriculture cannot command a subsistence for our teeming population, and which are and will remain the sources of her material prosperity.

Forty years ago one of the most brilliant of Englishmen, in a letter addressed to the author of a life of Jefferson, avowed his contempt for Jefferson's character and principles and predicted the downfall of the American republic.

"Your constitution," said he, "is all sail and no ballast. We can in our country repress uprising with a strong hand, but in your country where the people are the ruling power, you will one day sink to anarchy or succumb to the strong hand of a Cæsar."

But Macaulay forgot that the character of our institutions makes every man a stockholder in the State. A man who has a house and lot is a tolerably safe citizen; a man who has a wife and child is not a dangerous citizen. The man who has a home and family of his own is absolutely safe. He can be trusted to share the government, and while every member of our community can enjoy the advantages of education and his share of the fruits of industry, we shall disappoint Macaulay's prophecy, and the republic will stand secure.

But I am reminded, Mr. Chairman, that we must be brief. The people of Massachusetts, who know your history and virtues, are celebrating this anniversary with you today. They rejoice in your past prosperity and they wish you all that you may deserve and achieve in the future.

Thanking you, Mr. Chairman, and your association for your kind invitation, I yield to gentlemen from whom you and I are alike desirous to hear.

The Toast-master then announced the third regular toast:

The Yachtsmen of Our Coast:

Represented among us today by Benjamin Franklin Butler, lawyer, soldier, statesman, and commander of the yacht America.

Responded to, in the absence of General B. F. Butler, by the reading of the following letter from that gentleman, and by music from the band.

BOSTON, June 6, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. PARTON:

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to join the Newbury Festival, but that takes place on Wednesday, the 10th, on which very day I must be in New York in court in the Hoyt will case, which will imperatively prevent my being present. Nothing but such an engagement would keep me away.

Yours truly,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

JAMES PARTON, Esq., Newburyport, Mass.

The Toast-master then read the fourth regular toast:

OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS FROM NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Among those who honor us with their presence here today is one who has spoken earnestly and eloquently, on many public occasions, to audiences gathered within the limits of Old Newbury. You remember his glowing words and graceful tributes in times past, and will be glad to hear from him again on this occasion. I therefore take great pleasure in introducing to you Hon. George B. Loring, of Salem, Mass.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am sorry to say that I have no idea whatever of the toast to which I am expected to respond. If there is such a thing I would be glad now to hear it, in order that my mind may be directed to it in some way.

The Toastmaster: We thought that our guests from neighboring cities were so distinguished that they needed no toast.

Mr. Loring: I presume then, Mr. President, that this is simply an ovation to me and I am toast enough for the occasion. (Laughter and applause.) Usually in all such cases elsewhere I find myself called upon to respond to the broad and general subject of agriculture. I am somewhat disappointed today that it has not been brought up, because it makes me feel that I am out of an occupation. I have seen the time when the mention of that word made my heart thrill with ecstacy. Now the circumstances of my life have so materially changed that I feel in this Puritan assembly much as the royal martyr of English history probably felt, of whom the great orator of Essex county says: "the Puritans buried crown and mitre and the headless trunk of a decapitated monarch beneath their immortal institutions of

freedom." If I am anything now I am no more than a headless trunk of an agricultural monarch decapitated by modern Puritan reform and buried beneath a purified civil service. (Laughter.) But I do love the occupation still, and considering the fact that after all the trials and tribulations of Washington life, I have returned to my farm to resume my pitch-fork, I presume I may yet be counted a farmer. But it is not for agriculture alone that this spot where we have assembled is noted. True, the occupation of the land was the great object of the settlement, and the law of citizen proprietorship of the soil and freehold was applied here among the first spots dedicated to free institutions on this continent. The individualism which characterizes the American today was planted along these shores by the hardy settlers whose names still remain in this community to tell who founded here the most independent form of state and society known on earth. These ancient homes, these old farms, the meandering highways laid out by the pioneers in the forests which darkened this broad landscape, all tell of a brave resolution and a solemn consciousness of the duties which Protestant Englishmen assumed when they sundered the ties which bound them to the old world, and bound themselves to develop and vitalize the new. It is not easy for us to picture to ourselves, or even to imagine the hardness and earnestness and solemnity of the life led by our fathers in their scattered homes. A rude hut, hastily constructed by the settler, protected his family from summer's heat and winter's cold—but contained none of the equipments which domestic economy now considers indispensable, none of the luxuries and adornments which have now become common necessities to all. The simplest furniture, often still and ungraceful, was scantily scattered through the rooms. A wide chimney bore from a broad hearth a large proportion of the heat created by a lavish use of fuel. How meagre was the food! How simple were the morning and the noontide, and the evening meal! How solemn the silence of the night which hung over that humble dwelling! How hard the piercing blast of winter! How fearful the isolation! It is indeed hard for us to conceive the trials which beset the early colonists, the fortitude which kept them true at all times to the duty they had imposed upon themselves. Their joys were simple, their pleasures few. Art and music did nothing to beautify their lives. Their literature was serious, didactic, controversial, theological, cold. They felt that they were engaged in a solemn work, and all around them the air was filled with superstitions and omens and portents and evil spirits with whom they were engaged in constant warfare. But their homes were their own. The farmer who devoted himself to his isolated farm and reaped from it the support of his family,

felt the weight of social and civil duties resting heavily upon him, and recognized his obligations to the religious organization to which he belonged. He toiled for the scantiest subsistence; but he drew inspiration for his work, from the thought that in his hands rested an experiment of government without whose success there could be no real power or prosperity on this continent. He was a farmer, a land-holder—but he was also a magistrate, a pillar of the church, a servant of the Lord.

Not then upon the land alone did he toil. It is not for practical agriculture alone that Newbury was noted. She reared men whose power was felt in other paths, and made for her the brilliant record we have heard today. Before her sons the distinguished guests of this occasion lose their distinction. The renown of this town is sufficient without the contribution of the stranger. How have our hearts been warmed today by the narration of the lives of her strong and powerful citizens! We rejoice to know that they were good legislators, good magistrates, good merchants, good theologians, as well as good farmers, and were able to assert themselves on all occasions for right and freedom and humanity. The school house and the meeting house were the temples they erected; and education and religion were the corner-stones of the structure. And in this work they achieved great success. They built up the most prosperous colony on these shores, and they also accomplished more than all their associates in providing for sound learning as the basis of all their efforts. The higher branches of knowledge were taught in all the towns. The high school and the Latin school flourished. On Manhattan an institution of this sort languished and in two years laid down its life. New England boys were classical scholars, wrote theses in Latin, conversed in Hebrew, rejoiced in the beauties of Homer, and Sophocles, and Demosthenes. They wrote the purest English of their times, and caught their phrases from the great founders of the English tongue. And over all stood their great university, a power in every crisis, holding for many generations a supreme sway, and only in our own day overtaken and on some paths outstripped by sister colleges which have gathered around her on every hand.

Of its theological work, how interesting the story! The Puritan meeting house, what a tale it could tell of devout feeling, of ardent, well-defined faith, of manly protest, of patriotic inspiration, of solemn appeal for the truth and right! The Puritan minister, what a life of holy zeal, and devotion to moral and intellectual culture, and healthy influence, and unshaken courage, and self-sacrifice was his! What an army of social and civil leaders he sent from his dignified home into every walk in life! This then is the work the Puritan farmer and

teacher, and minister of the gospel has accomplished here. Great in every duty assigned him, he was indeed a great American citizen, the founder of our state on principles which neither peace nor war has shaken. That it will grow stronger and stronger until his hopes and predictions are all fulfilled, who can doubt? Those of you who are familiar with this spot need not be reminded of those who have made it great. All I can say to you therefore is to remember your ancestors; remember their traits, and remember that human rights and human freedom, liberty of conscience and the liberty of self-assertion, is the great law of America, a law which prevails north, east, south, and west. All questions which may arise in conflict before the people will settle themselves amicably, we trust; and the great American faith will be maintained by all its citizens in all time to come. I thank you for listening to me, and now resign my place to those gentlemen who will follow me with more eloquence, wit, and wisdom than I have been able to demonstrate on this present occasion.

At the close of Dr. Loring's address, President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Among our distinguished guests there is another gentleman whom you will be interested to hear on this occasion, and I shall therefore call upon him to address you. "Though not native here nor to the manner born" he is by marriage identified with at least one family prominent in the history of old Newbury. He needs no other commendation to your favor and kind consideration. If, to your sight, his form and features are unknown, his name and fame are "familiar to your ears as household words." I have now the honor to present to you Hon. William W. Crapo of New Bedford, Mass.

ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM W. CRAPO.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:—Your sister city by the sea, honored today in this kind remembrance of her, brings to Newbury, upon her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, warm and hearty congratulations and words of good cheer. New Bedford looks up to her as to an older sister, proud of her radiance and beauty, and emulous of her accomplishments and good name. Advancing years have brought to her added charms and increasing attractiveness.

I have listened with much interest and pleasure to the story of the achievements, virtues, learning and piety of the early settlers of old Newbury. The recital unfolds to us the beginning and inspiration of her career of business thrift and well regulated activities on land and sea, and of her leadership and influence in the politics, thought and progress of New England. Your fathers were men of high purposes, of sturdy manliness and of persistent endeavor. Regardless of hardship, un-

mindful of discouragements, they founded a community and stamped it so strongly with the impress of their intelligence, integrity and enterprise that two centuries and a half have not effaced or dimmed the characters. These men are worthy the homage of your grateful remembrance; they deserve the tribute of your hearty and eloquent utterances.

I have enjoyed the manifestations of your loyalty to the old home, your fondness for its quaint and notable local traditions, your pride of ancestry and your love for the ancient landmarks. This enjoyment, however, is checked by the consciousness that I was not born within the territorial limits of your ancient town. But I should not be blamed for this. It really was no fault of mine. The option was not given me whether my birth-place should be on the banks of the Merrimack or on the shore of Buzzard's Bay. But I have done what I could, and the best I could, to remedy this early defect or misfortune, which ever you may regard it. When I reached the years of discretion, with the world before me, in the exercise of a sound judgment and a free volition, I married a daughter of Newburyport, a descendant of one of the early pioneers. If not as a son, then as a son-in-law, I come to your family table. The orator of the day has spoken eloquently and justly of the excellencies of the sons of Newbury. I can speak of the perfection of the daughters. And speaking of them with all candor and from abundant knowledge, in their presence which furnishes ready confirmation, I assert they are the prettiest of girls, as good as they are beautiful, the loveliest of wives and the best of mothers.

The history of Newburyport, during the last century, illustrates the radical changes which have taken place in the commercial methods of the world. The time was when Newburyport had a name and a conspicuous position in the commerce of both hemispheres. Her artisans built ships which for beauty, strength and speed were not surpassed by those of any nation; her sailors were famous for their daring and seamanship; her merchants were known far and near for their business sagacity, mercantile honor and unquestioned financial credit. The Newburyport boy entered the counting-room where he served an apprenticeship in thoroughly mastering its details. Later on, as supercargo, he went to China, South America, and the North West Coast, studying the habits and customs of foreign people, making himself familiar with their products and wants, and learning the best methods for the profitable interchange of commodities. After several voyages he returned to the counting-room on the wharf, with a mind broadened and the possessor of rich stores of knowledge to be made practically useful in his future career as a merchant. In those days there were

merchants, now there are brokers. In those days the merchants with painstaking thoughtfulness and consummate skill planned long voyages, selecting with rare judgment cargoes for foreign markets, arranging credits with the precision of a minister of finance, determining months in advance his return cargo and securing its arrival at the home port upon a market of highest prices. Now the broker sits in his office in New York or Boston, inquires by cable of Hong Kong, St. Petersburg, or Montevideo the today's prices of tea, hemp, or hides, makes his purchases and charters vessels by telegraphic message, and before going to his dinner sells his cargo to arrive, contented with a margin of one-eighth or one-sixteenth of one per cent. for his trouble, while he relies upon the frequency and magnitude of his transactions to gain a livelihood. Mankind has gained in the comforts and economies of life by this rapidity of communication and transportation; but the new methods of business have called into operation new faculties and new agencies, and the trained merchant of former days is no longer a necessity. These merchants of the old school were your most liberal and public spirited citizens; they were the leaders and promoters of every moral, intellectual and social improvement. Essex county has been enriched not simply by the honestly acquired wealth of her great merchants, but far more by their example of mercantile honor and by their generous philanthropies.

The Toast-master announced as the fifth regular toast:

THE MEMORY OF GEORGE LUNT:

Our poet fifty years ago, and our poet of today. He has gone from us full of years and honors. His works and his memory remain, a possession to us and our posterity.

President Currier then offered the following remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I desire to say that the verses to be read in response to this sentiment were composed by the author only a short time previous to his death. When the printer's proof was sent to him for correction he was no longer living, and the verses have been allowed to stand as they were first written. As his last literary work they have peculiar interest for us today. If you will give your attention they will now be read by the Rev. Dr. George D. Wildes of New York, a nephew of the author.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. GEORGE D. WILDES, D. D. LL. D.

Mr. Chairman:—In behalf of his kinsfolk and friends, I beg to thank your committee for the wholly just and fitly expressed sentiment in memory of my lately deceased and venerated uncle. When, this morning, as one of your invited guests, I came to this, my birthplace

and early home, it was with the expectation of simply reading to you the brief ode which, at years beyond the extremest limit of the Psalmist's measure, and but a short time before his death, Mr. Lunt had written for this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of "Old Newbury." I, however, found myself assigned to a sentiment deeply interesting and grateful to me indeed, but which, under the special circumstances, I am glad will, at a later hour, meet with fitting response from another son of Newbury.

And now, Mr. Chairman, holding in my hands the manuscript of the ode, I am not sure that I can utter even the very brief words which you expect from me. From my childhood, and as though I were his son, I have been in receipt of countless letters from Mr. Lunt. Throughout the days of school life, whether at the old "High School" of Newburyport, or at Dummer, and especially at Exeter where, as a pupil under the great master, Dr. Abbott, Mr. Lunt laid the foundation of that scholarship in the classics which, notably in the Greek, eventually ranked him as among the first of his own time at Harvard; or whether in my own college and seminary life; nay, up through all the period of my now lengthened ministry, I have been the almost constant recipient of his letters of affectionate thoughtfulness and admirable counsel. I look at this manuscript. "How my heart trembles while my tongue relates." Never before has the strong, clear imprint of his facile pen, so indicative of his own manly and straightforward character, come to my eye, marked by signs of failing strength. His very last note to me in reference to the ode itself, and his own wish once more to return hither and to be present today, betrays little of that which now somewhat tasks the eye, and inevitably moves the heart to a tearfulness, which must be my plea for the briefest utterances of a loving kinsman. And yet, prompted alike by my own feeling and the admirable tribute of your sentiment, how gladly and reverently—here within but a few rods of his so recent burial—would I say more than the already prolonged services of the day warrant. I might speak of the ancestry of George Lunt, on both sides, and from the day of the settlement of Newbury, of worthy mention in its now almost hoary annals. I might speak of the men of his ancestry, as, for the most part, "men of the sea." Himself, never, as is said of the Roger Ascham of the time of Elizabeth, "a far travelled man,"—the line of the ocean horizon seen from this familiar "March's Hill" of his boyhood, being perhaps the farthest limit of his voyaging eastward,—George Lunt was a dear lover of the sea. There is scarcely anything from his pen, whether in prose or poetry, which, as though the ocean were a grand personality, does not betray intimate communion with all its moods. In all memories and

associations of our childhood, wherever some of us have gone, has also gone with us, even to the ends of the earth, "the rote of the beaches:" which seems ever to have been, whether in storm or its "aftermath of lower moan," an element of influence in whatever he wrote or said. Mr. Longfellow, himself of Newbury origin, once told me that whether translating the Sagas of Norseland, or in any writing of his, the sound of the sea, as he heard it in his boyhood at Portland, was seldom without its charm and power. The "Hampton Beach" of his earlier poetry is the epitome of the many and varied ways in which George Lunt was, if not a sailor, at least, under the law of heredity, *a seaman*. His poem entitled "The Mayflower," is at once an illustration of this, and apt to our commemoration. I quote its last verse:

> "And far as rolls the swell
> Of Time's returnless sea,
> Where empires rise and fall
> Their Pilgrim fame shall be."

The lateness of the hour, Mr. Chairman, and what I imagine is to be the appropriate complement, in keeping with the occasion, of what has gone before, admonishes me that I have said enough. If I had spoken to the sentiment originally assigned me, "The Old Families of Newbury," I think it was, it would have been grateful to have said something of Paul Lunt, the valiant captain of the company from Newbury at Bunker Hill. Some years since George Lunt showed me the "Orderly Book" of that company. I wish, with its record of "duty done," it were here today. In the provincial wars there were Lunts, of the ancestry of George Lunt, at Louisburg and on other memorable occasions. When Paul Jones sought out at the Hague, in Holland, young masters and mates of American vessels, there paroled prisoners, for manning the "Bon Homme Richard" for the fight with the newly built British frigate "Serapis,"—immortal in its results in the history of the Revolution—next to the afterward Commodore Dale, he selected for his second and third lieutenants two young men of Newbury, Henry and Cutting Lunt. "*Joppa*" *knew them as boys by the riverside*. The almost unexampled and victorious night battle off Flamborough Head, placed them, as in one or another way, among the heroes of the republic.

Suffer me a word in closing, I must hurry for the train; but the father of George Lunt was my own grandfather, and his mother—a widow almost from her youth up to her death—the grandmother, of whom, at the grand return of sons and daughters of Newburyport, in 1851, I had occasion in the oration of that day to make what St. Paul terms "good remembrance." The father of my honored kinsman,

after a life of thirty-eight years, illustrated by a service of good seamanship, of mercantile integrity, and of converse with great events in his residence in Paris for years during the Consulate and the reign of the First Napoleon, in behalf of the interests of merchants of the United States, rests in hope, on the banks of the Senegal in Africa. He had gone thither as passenger on his way to London, in a vessel of his own, on business affairs. Abel and Joseph Lunt, both of whom, with their father, are remembered today by an old merchant of New York—died, the one by shipwreck, and the other by disease, at sea. Henry Lunt, remembered by some here today present, the youngest of the sons, sleeps at "Greenwood," in Brooklyn, New York—after a life of varied adventure; distinguished always as a seaman of the first class—buried in a lot "beautiful for situation," the memorial offering of 1000 children of a Sunday school in Brooklyn, which, in his later years of a stormy life, eventually devoted to the service of his and our Master, he had been instrumental in forming and perfecting. Thus ends my record, Mr. Chairman. I pray forgiveness for thus filling the hour with what, if in some wise personal and of family interest, seemed to me, not wholly away from what every son and lover of Newbury would wish more than anything else to invest and mark the commemoration. And, mindful of the sacred adage, "he being dead, yet speaketh," will you deem it quite out of the proprieties of the occasion, if before reading the letter and the ode, and remembering, that he who, years ago, in his "Three Eras of New England" wrote what I am about to quote, I offer as if from his lips now silent, this sentiment:

"The fathers of New England. Their personal faults passed with them into the grave, their just principles and noble actions survived and blossomed into a living harvest of sacred and immortal memory."

75 HANCOCK STREET, BOSTON,
May 3d, 1885.

My Dear Sir:—I enclose the poem completed. The object of the poem is to present a contrast between the original character of the river and the subsequent improvements which have followed the multiplied settlements upon its banks. These could only be alluded to in verses of such narrow compass, and leave room, therefore, for some exercise of the imagination. It is adapted to be either read or sung. I believe the measure is preserved. In case of the name "Newbury," it is necessarily to be pronounced as of two syllables instead of three, and that, I think, is the most common mode. At any rate the syllables run into each other naturally. Of course your secretary will please send me a proof in due season, that I may correct the piece if necessary. I expect to be in the city ten days or a fortnight longer; after that in Scituate.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE LUNT.

HON. J. J. CURRIER

ORIGINAL ODE BY HON. GEORGE LUNT.

THE RIVER.

1635—1885.

From forest-girt hills of the North
The springs of the Merrimack rise,
Mad river in concert leaps forth,
And wild Amanoosuc replies;
Till down through the "Breakers" it rolls
And the sweep of the terrible bar,
Where cries of the many lost souls
Were drowned in mad ocean's fierce war.

Up-stream broods a silence profound,
Save murmur of bird, brook and tree,
Or footfalls of deer strike the ground,
Or red-man in chase dashing free.
Below, stood the Fathers of old,
The soil by their steps yet untrod,
Their hearts steady, honest and bold,
In trust of themselves and of God.

Soon echoed the wide-spreading wood,
The chopper's stout axe gave its stroke;
Till huts by the banks of the flood
On sight of the wanderer broke.
Nor long, when for praise and for prayer
Its face the rude temple uprears,
And Oxford men ministered there,
Of men in its halls the true peers.

Years roll—fast and faster float down
Long rafts of the forest-felled spar,
And timbers to Newbury town
For fleets famed in seas near and far.
Oh, river! so grand on thy breast
What wealth of proud trade wafts thy name,
Let Nashua's falls still attest,
And cities akin to thy fame.

To Newbury award, then, the meed,
All praise to her sires shall be given,
They sowed here the old pilgrim seed,
So favored of earth and of heaven.
May blessings that crowned her of old
Gather thickly in each coming year,
Her children, oh, long be it told,
Mixed joys, hopes and memories here.

The Toastmaster then read the sixth regular toast:

Our Legislators:

Past and present, old and young. "In a country governed by law, bad laws are of all bad things the worst, and good laws are of all good things the best."

President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The representatives to the General Court of Massachusetts from the three towns—Newbury, West Newbury and Newburyport,—are with us here today. In the performance of their official duties they speak for all who live within the territorial limits of Old Newbury. On this occasion I shall call upon Capt. Henry M. Cross of Newburyport to respond, for himself and his associates, to the sentiment that has just been proposed:

ADDRESS OF CAPT. HENRY M. CROSS.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:—As it now requires about sixteen or eighteen thousand of our fellow citizens to furnish three representatives to the legislature, or as it used to be called, the Great and General Court, we can realize of course that a seat in that august body appeals to the ambition and pride of any one who desires to stand well in the opinion of his fellow citizens. To be selected to represent such a constituency as this in the Legislature of Massachusetts is no small honor, and that our friends and neighbors should think us worthy of it is a proper cause for gratitude.

But faithful attendance and earnest and conscientious service is a real burden upon our time and strength, and I am quite sure that my colleagues, Mr. Hale of Newburyport, and Mr. Smith of West Newbury, will agree with me in saying that we would have been much better pleased with our positions had the session not been so long. That which seems to be a prize in January, is a burden in June.

And however hard we work, we cannot hope to make any permanent individual impression upon legislation during our brief terms, and so we think ourselves fortunate in serving this year, for we are sure of the immortality of fame, which will come from having our names preserved in the records of this anniversary. I had just spoken of the great number of persons from whom the few representatives are now chosen. Two hundred and fifty years ago every freeman was obliged to go to the great and general court. Every church member was a freeman, and every freeman was bound to be a representative and come to the general court once a year. Soon after the foundation of the town it was found to be burdensome to go so often, and it was decided that some

should stay at home and the rest should send their votes by proxy. But, Mr. President, the chief value of such an occasion as this is that in looking back over the past we may find lessons of encouragement and of warning to apply to our conduct of the present, and thus prepare for a wise and happy future for those who are to come after us.

The New England system of town government and the state legislature which was evolved from it, presents the highest and most perfect ideal of a real democracy which has ever been realized anywhere and in any age.

But this perfect form of government was not reached by any means in the first hundred years of the colony. It was an evolution, and a growth, rather than a perfected system brought with them by the founders of the commonwealth. The earliest legislators had little thought or care for local self government. The General Court not only dictated as to the affairs of the several towns, but as to the conduct of individuals in regard to matters which have long since been omitted from the domain of the government. The early legislators concerned themselves with such matters as these: that Silas Plummer might work a ferry at Newbury and charge two pence for each passenger; that the price of beer should not be over three pence per quart, and that the churches in Newbury should be zealous to drive out the Anabaptists. But as the colony grew, and as the opinions of the people were developed under their new surroundings, the theory of local control of things local, and legislative control of things general, became fully established. And so it came to be that in the old Massachusetts towns the town meeting was the school in which the men of Massachusetts received that political training which has made this a model commonwealth. But as time goes on and the towns grow into cities, and private cares and interests grow more urgent, there is a tendency towards the neglect of political duties, and a growing willingness to throw upon the legislature details of administration which belong to the municipalities. All of this is progress in the wrong direction. We should always hold as nearly as possible to the old town meeting theory of government. The old contests between centralization and local self-government are always renewed. The future safety and prosperity of the State and of the nation require that all citizens should take a constant and watchful interest in public affairs. The democratic idea, using the word only in its broad and general sense, has always been strong in this ancient town, and I believe that in the future, as in the past, the voice and vote of old Newbury in the Massachusetts legislature will be for local self-government, for popular

education, and for the equal rights, duties and privileges of all men under the laws.

The Toastmaster announced the seventh regular toast:

NEWBURY OLD PARISH:

The valor and worth of its founders give peace and abundance to its people today.

President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The early records of the town of Newbury and of the First Parish are substantially, if not identically, the same. The history of the Parish is, in fact, the history of the town for many long and eventful years. A member of that Parish,—a grandson of one of its most eminent pastors,—will respond to the sentiment that has been announced. Allow me to introduce to you David L. Withington, esq., of Newburyport.

ADDRESS OF DAVID L. WITHINGTON, ESQ.

Mr. President:—For freedom's sake our fathers crossed an angry sea to an unfriendly clime and to a rock-bound coast. They sought here thus afar a free religion, a free soil, and a free manhood. They sought to found here a commonwealth in which the church and municipality should go hand in hand, and the Divine radiance of the Gospel light should illumine the path of both. A commonwealth in which the temporal authority of the ministers of the gospel should be nothing, but the influence of the teachings of the gospel upon each member of the community, should be all pervading. If I might be permitted to refer to what has already been said, they came here with no false ideas of political equality, an out growth of false French systems of political economy, but with the broadest ideas of the freedom of religion, of land and of political rights. Such were the foundations laid by the fathers on which to rear the superstructure of this great nation.

A few days since I stood in a crowded thoroughfare of the great epitome and metropolis of the West. In the crowd which hurried by could be seen the faces of the German, the Scandinavian, the Slav, the Hibernian, representatives of every race and clime. But there was something in every face which gave new courage to a heart which had sometimes lately despaired of the republic. I saw there the impress of a Puritan superiority. I saw the birthmark of a greater New England in the West. I saw there a recognition that the Yankees were the aristocracy of the West, the object which it was the ambition of each to emulate, the thing to be, and I said to myself, here is a victory, compared with which even an internicine strife of four years, wherein the

chivalry of the South went down before the yeomanry of the North, is as nothing—a victory of the descendants of twenty-one thousand Puritans who came to New England within ten short years, over the descendants of six millions of other immigrants, who came in other times and to other States.

To what, Mr. President, will we attribute this remarkable capacity in the Puritan? In the first place, to the uncompromising but enfranchising and elevating character of their religion. There is something in the Augustinian scheme of salvation, as expounded by the great theologian of Geneva, which has power to draw heroic qualities out of common clay. There is in the great doctrines of foreordination and irresistible grace the abnegation of human selfishness, the expression of the Divine Providence; for human ignorance and short-sightedness, they substitute the Divine Omniscience and Prescience; for human weakness and dependence, the Omnipotence of the Everlasting Arms. In their religion, then, I find the first cause of the enduring and persistent qualities of this race.

The second chief cause is to be found in the town meeting, that safeguard against bad administration and safety-valve of patriotism. Were I to characterize the town meeting in a word, I should call it the ever-present hereafter to the town officer, and the ever-present tomorrow to the patriotic citizen who would feel that he, too, has a voice and a share in the management of the affairs of the community in which he dwells. From the time I was ten years old until now, it has been my delight to attend the town meetings of the old town of Newbury. What scenes have I there witnessed! How many manifestations of false rhetoric or reasoning have I there seen exposed! How many acts of selfishness or improvidence on the part of some town officer have I seen brought to light and to the attention of the town in a manner that guaranteed that in future the thing would be better done! How many scenes of turbulence and excitement! Yet when the record was made up, how wise the action, and how satisfactory the result of the meeting. If I might compare the government of the town to the government of a city, I should say that the town meeting was a place where everything right was done in a disorderly manner, the meeting of the city government, where everything wrong was done in an orderly manner.

Mr. Chairman, I have already taken too much of your time. I will simply close with this sentiment. "The New England meeting house and town meeting; perennial springs of religious and political life. May their influences never grow less elevating, less inspiring, or less copious."

The Toastmaster proposed for the eighth regular toast:

THE CITY OF NEWBURYPORT:
The veritable hub of the universe to its inhabitants.

President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In the absence of the mayor, an honored citizen of Newburyport will respond to this sentiment. As lawyer, soldier, representative and senator to the State Legislature, and Member of Congress from the Seventh Massachusetts District, he is well known to you all, but today I call upon him as an ex-mayor of our beloved city, to address you. I ask now for your attention while some remarks appropriate to the occasion are made by Hon. Eben F. Stone of this city.

ADDRESS OF HON. EBEN F. STONE.

Mr. President:—I regret very much that the mayor is not present to respond, in his agreeable way, to the sentiment which has just been read. I had supposed till within a day or two, that he would be here, but, in his absence, I cannot refuse, when called on, to do the best I can in behalf of my native city.

It is well for us as a people, so busy, so enterprising, so aggressive, so intent on the present, so eager for the prizes of life, so often estranged from each other by the jealousies and rivalries of adverse interests, that there comes, now and then, an anniversary day, which, by a spell of its own, takes us out of the present, and carries us back to the past, that lifts us, for the time, above the level of selfish considerations, and quickens into new life the sympathies and emotions, so honorable to human nature, and so needed to stimulate and strengthen the ties of friendship and of good neighborhood, but alas, too often neglected and crushed out by the fierce antagonisms that seem inseparable from the struggle for existence.

We are here to commemorate the settlement of the territory of Old Newbury as it was founded 250 years ago. It is my native place, and my heart instinctively warms toward it, and to all who belong to it. Here, many of my ancestors were born, and some of them were of the party, who, in the spring or early summer of 1635, bade farewell to their friends in Ipswich, and with their faithful guides, Parker and Noyes, went their way through Plum Island Sound till they reached the mouth of what they then called Quascacunquen river, which they followed for a short distance until they reached the upland on the northern bank, where they landed, and began at once to build the plantation which had been authorized by the vote of the company of May 6th, 1635. They selected an attractive spot, and, as things were then,

presenting many advantages to the emigrants who were seeking a home in the wilderness; easy and safe water communication with their friends in Ipswich; upland and pasture and extensive meadows affording ample scope and room for their flocks and herds, and easily protected from attack by the Indians; the Merrimack abounding in sturgeon and salmon, and other fish, while the flats of Plum Island Sound were teeming with clams and other shell fish, an unfailing source of subsistence, when crops might suffer from too much or too little rain.

I claim a lineal descent from many of the old families that are identified with the early life of Old Newbury—with the Moodys, the Poores, the Hales, the Somerbys, the Lowells, the Greenleafs, the Bartletts, the Jacques, the Knights and the Titcombs.

The entire territory of Old Newbury has a charm for me. I know its rocks, its woods and streams; Plum Island and Oldtown hill, with the salt meadows checkered with hay-stacks, crossed and recrossed with creeks and water-courses full to their brim at high water, and stretching their level reaches from the Merrimack to the distant clear-cut hills of Ipswich; Oldtown, with its farms and fields that lie open to the eye on either side of the ridge road, reminding us of English scenery by the richness and variety of their crops, and the thoroughness of their culture; West Newbury with its green hills—Pipestave, Crane-neck, Indian Hill and Archelaus; Bartlett Springs, Morse's Swamp, Devil's Den, Four-Rock Bridge, Pine Island, and Deer Island, Pearson's Mills, Dummer's Mills, River Parker, Artichoke and Little rivers, and enclosing all, the beautiful Merrimack and the inspiring sea. I love it all; to me it is sacred ground, "radiant with the light that never was on sea or land," and hallowed by dear associations.

Newbury, when settled, was a frontier town. It has a history that will repay study and investigation. The story of the first settlers is the story of brave men, instinct with the Puritan's enthusiasm for his convictions, and selected to begin this plantation because of their fitness to extend the frontier of Massachusetts easterly, and to hold it against the French and the Indians. I would like to speak of some of the circumstances that attended the settlement of the old town, and gave it, I think, a special character. I would like to speak of some of the men who were identified with the early history of the town, of Daniel Pierce, of Thomas Noyes, and Caleb Moody, of Capt. Greenleaf, and Col. Kent, of Edward Rawson, and others who served the town faithfully in its early days, but I will use the little time at my disposal in another way.

I will try to give you some idea of the commercial and social life of Newburyport in its palmy days, of its sudden rise, and of its sudden

fall. No place that I know of has experienced such violent changes of fortune, in a short period, as Newburyport. It was marine commerce that made it; it was the sudden disappearance of marine commerce, the result of causes entirely beyond the control of its citizens, that stopped its growth prematurely, and postponed, indefinitely, hopes and anticipations, that at one time gave promise of a brilliant future. It was the West Indian trade, that, near the close of the last century, was the life of Newburyport. It was the rapid growth of the merchants engaged in this trade, the success of Atkins, Dalton, Tracy, and others that caused a conflict of interest between the water-side people and the farmers and land-holders of the old town, that ended in a separation in 1764. From that time until the great fire of 1811, and the war of 1812, the growth of Newburyport was very extraordinary.

In 1764 its population was 2,882; in 1810, 7,634. In less than fifty years the population had increased nearly three-fold. Its increase in wealth was quite as rapid. Its valuation in 1802 was $3,754,920. In 1811 it was $7,081,500, nearly doubling in less than ten years. But its fall was more sudden than its rise. In 1825 its valuation was reduced from over $7,000,000 in 1811, to less than $2,500,000. The great fire and the war had nearly destroyed the place, and worked a radical change in the social life and domestic habits of its people. As an illustration of this I will give you a fact, not worthy, perhaps, of the dignity of history, but very significant. In 1805 there were five large livery stables in the town, and one private gentleman's stable of forty horses, besides a number of family carriages. In 1820 these establishments were all closed, and the family carriages sold and given up.

But it is of the Revolutionary period, and of the twenty-five years immediately following, that I wish especially to speak. There is no part of her history where our beloved town—I cannot think of it as a city—appears so well, where her enthusiasm and patriotism burn so clear and strong, reflecting so pure a light on the character of her people, as that which records the story of her conduct and self-sacrifice during the war of the Revolution.

Soon after the separation took place between the inhabitants of the old town and the water-side people, which resulted in the incorporation of Newburyport, the struggle began between the colonies and the Home Government for control, and in this struggle our fathers were among the most active, ardent, and uncompromising. The policy of England, which followed the conclusion of the French war in 1763, and which was so clearly developed in the passage of the Stamp Act, was nowhere resisted with more spirit and decision than here, and when war broke out, all classes of our citizens welcomed the contest with courage and

alacrity, only anxious to outdo each other in self-sacrifice and devotion. Capt. Michael Hodge, foremost among his fellow-citizens for his energy and public spirit, read the declaration of independence from a window of the meeting-house in Market square, to a crowd of people, who received it with cheers and exultation, their hearts ready for the contest. Our fellow citizen, Tristram Dalton, and our first United States senator, writes to Elbridge Gerry on the 19th of July, 1776, "I wish you joy on the late declaration, * * We are no longer to be amused with delusive prospects. The die is cast. * * All is at stake. The way is made plain, we have everything to hope from the goodness of our cause. The God of justice is omnipotent." In this he spoke the feelings of his fellow-citizens who spared no effort and no expense to prove their devotion and sincerity. The records of the town at this time give abundant evidence of the zeal and patriotism of its citizens. In some of the principal towns of New England there were disloyalty and discord, but with us it was unanimity and the most cordial co-operation. So united and patriotic were our citizens and so intolerant of anything like treason or disaffection, that not a single loyalist could be found within our limits, after the death of Col. Daniel Farnham, an eminent citizen and barrister, whose death took place at the commencement of the war. Bishop Bass was sometimes suspected of toryism by some of the most ardent patriots, who were impatient of his moderation, but the recent publication of letters in England vindicates his loyalty to his country and his Newburyport friends. It is a distinction of which we may well be proud, that our beloved town had not a Tory within its borders. This appears from the letters to England relating to Bishop Bass. Our merchants distinguished themselves, in the early part of the war, for their boldness and success in privateering. Our government was without a navy, and obliged to depend on letters-of-marque for the defence of our shipping from the depredations of English cruisers. It is said that the honor of being the first commissioned privateer in the revolution belongs to the schooner Hannah of Beverly. This may be doubted. The Hannah of Beverly was commissioned 3d of September, 1775, but, according to the Salem Gazette, a Newburyport schooner carried into Portsmouth, 9th September, 1775, an English schooner, loaded with potatoes and turnips, intended for the enemy at Boston. It would seem from this, that Newburyport was ahead of Beverly, and I am inclined to believe, though I have not looked it up carefully, that Newburyport deserves the honor of taking the first prize.

There is a tradition here that the first privateer was fitted out by Nathaniel Tracy, and sailed in August, 1775. Her name was the Game

Cock, and prayers were offered in the churches for her safety and success. All through the war Newburyport maintained her activity and enterprise, and,—though her principal industry, ship-building, was suspended,—when peace was established, it was somewhat stronger in wealth and population, than when the war began. She was quick to respond to the call for volunteers to aid in the attempt by General Sullivan to drive the English from Rhode Island, and in the expedition to the Penobscot, made the magnificent contribution, to the state, of four armed vessels, mounting in all over sixty guns. This was the gift of nine of her distinguished merchants.

But not only has Newburyport a splendid war record during the revolutionary period—for twenty-five years succeeding the war she enjoyed uninterrupted growth and prosperity. Wealth flowed in so fast that the merchants were at a loss how to dispose of their surplus. The growth of her commerce in the days of her prosperity will compare favorably with that of other seaports in New England for the same period.

In 1789 her shipping amounted to 11,607 tons; in 1796, to 19,752 tons; in 1806, to 29,713 tons.

With wealth came luxury and refinement, culture and style. It was the age of merchant-princes, of fine houses, of gay parties, of elegant and generous hospitality, and of beautiful and accomplished women. What a delightful society that must have been in the olden time, about a hundred years ago. There were Lowell and Dalton, Tracy and Jackson, Dr. Sawyer, John Coffin Jones, Samuel Alleyne Otis, Rev. Dr. Cary, Judge Greenleaf, Stephen Hooper, brother-in-law to Dalton, nearly all graduates of Harvard, all men of means, and given to hospitality. Their style of living was elegant, without ostentation, graceful, generous and refined. Their good cheer was famous. I have seen an inventory of some of their household effects, taken in 1782, which will give an idea of their habits of life. Tristram Dalton's domestic establishment, which stood in its integrity till very recently, contained seven horses, four carriages, 560 oz. of plate, and 1200 gallons of wine. The inventory of Jonathan Jackson, who inherited from his grandfather, and received, the day he was free, 20,000 golden guineas, and who built the "Lord Timothy Dexter" house, so called, shows 4 horses, 4 carriages, 1000 oz. of silver, 40 oz. of gold, and 1000 gallons of wine. The inventories of Thomas Thomas, John Coffin Jones, Stephen Hooper, and others, were of a similar character. Dr. Sawyer had two uncommonly handsome daughters, distinguished far and wide for their superior beauty and style. I have seen a letter, written in 1803, by a daughter of an ex-governor of New Hampshire, and the wife of an ex-

member of Congress, describing parties which she attended in Washington, during Jefferson's administration, at the houses of the President, and of the Secretary of State, and of the French Minister, in which she says that she had seen nothing in Washington equal in style and elegance to the parties given by the Sawyer girls, in Newburyport.

There were two sets of rich men, conspicuous in Newburyport, in the days of its prosperity. The first was composed largely of men of wealth and culture, who were not merely merchants, but accomplished gentlemen, who enjoyed and appreciated everything that belonged to a high civilization. They built fine residences at some distance from their wharves and warehouses, and surrounded themselves with all the comforts and refinements that wealth and education could give. Of such, were Dalton, Hooper, Tracy, Jackson, John Coffin Jones, and others. Another set, nearly contemporaneous, but a little later and more directly the product of the extraordinary prosperity that marks the history of this period, was composed of successful traders, whose lives were devoted, exclusively, to the accumulation of property, and who built fine houses, not where they could command a view of the open country, but upon the main streets, so near to their places of business that they were never out of sight of their ships and ware-houses where their treasures were stored. Of such, were Bartlett, Brown, Coombs and Marquand, Pettingell, Johnson, and others. Both classes were patriotic and public spirited, but it was the first class that was specially distinguished for the revolutionary spirit which placed Newburyport among the first for unselfish devotion to the interests of the country.

I have attempted a brief sketch of Newburyport in the past, not idealized, but substantially true. I will not refer to the present. Today we live in the past. Let us hope, that in the future our sons will keep alive the memory of her enterprise, energy and public spirit in the "times that tried men's souls," and, if not blessed with the concurrence of favorable circumstances, which contributed so largely to the growth of Newburyport in the past, prove, by their lives and conduct, and fidelity to the interests of the town, that they inherit, unadulterated, the good qualities which distinguished their ancestors in the days of their success and prosperity.

The Toast-master then announced the ninth regular toast:

WEST NEWBURY:

"Here spread the fields that heap their ripened store
'Till the brown arms of labor hold no more,

* * * * * * * *

Here glows the apple, with the pencilled streak
Of morning painted on its southern cheek;
The pears' long necklace, strung with golden drops,
Arched like the banyan o'er its pillared props."

President Currier then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am sure you would be pleased to hear from several gentlemen who might with propriety be invited to respond to this toast, but I shall be unable, from the lack of time, to call upon them all to address you. I will, however, with your permission, introduce as the first speaker a gentleman of acknowledged ability,—a skillful lawyer, an eminent judge,—but above all, an ardent and devout lover of the secluded nooks and picturesque hills that give to his summer home its sylvan grace and beauty. I have the honor to present to you, Judge Bradley of West Newbury.

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES S. BRADLEY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—When the summons of the committee to respond to this call reached me on Saturday evening, the first impulse was to decline, for the reason suggested by the remark of the president, that West Newbury had many to respond for her whom I deemed more worthy of the honor than myself. But as I learned that the same summons had been already declined, I yielded to the conscription, feeling that you represented the place in whose clear air I drew my natal breath, and that loyalty was due to the good old town that had sheltered the homestead where my maternal ancestors lived and loved, since the forest oaks gave way to the "steep mile of apple bloom" of which your gifted poet sings.

The toast speaks of West Newbury and its rural life in the language of poetry. As this is an historic occasion, permit me to respond with the truth of history. That "the brown arms of labor" are tasked to produce the crop rather than to gather it. New England farming is to be valued not for its profits, but for its homes. A distinguished jurist in the state from which I come has declared, from the bench, that matrimony was intended for discipline as much as delight. Certainly that other institution of the God of Nature, farming, was intended for discipline as well as delight. Let not any happy young husband imagine that matrimony and farming have these good things in the same proportion. Eve was given to Adam when they were in Paradise. He became a farmer and she a farmer's wife when they were bidden to depart from the garden of Eden into this world of ours. With this discipline rightly used comes the one thing of value in the world, character. The one possession that transcends all others, the home. West

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY CHICAGO

Newbury is strictly a farming town. No railroad enters its borders. No telegraph wire carries its silent and invisible message in the air. The telephone is admitted, for it is the child of Essex county. It has a few work shops, the first in time and character of their kind in the country. Their existence is pardoned for the reason and because they were introduced to make ornaments for the head of beauty. The great industry of the county was represented there, yet when the fire destroyed its buildings, its able owners transferred their business to a more congenial place. In this little farming town good and wise men have been nurtured, and women,

"Saintly women, who made their households happy."

As an example of the growth this humble town supplies, permit me to refer to a single calling. From the throng of the descendants of these ancient towns who were worthy of the honor, and equal to the duty of an orator of the day, you chose one because his calling was in your judgment pre-eminent over all others, that of presiding over a great university. From the beginning there were two colleges which shone like guiding stars in our northern sky: Dartmouth, whose president has honored us today, and Bowdoin. The name of Leonard Woods, President of Bowdoin, needs no eulogium. He was born in West Newbury. One of the honored Presidents of Harvard, Felton, was born and nurtured there. In his election, the language of Homer, the morning star of all poetry, the language to which the truths of Christianity were entrusted, was duly honored. A goodly company of professors, teachers and authors, and of men eminent in the professions, in the world of business and in public affairs remain, but it is allotted to me to speak rather of the aspects of Nature in this tranquil town, early set apart and called West Newbury by the Fathers. It is composed of a cluster of rounded hills, many with forms of rare beauty. There are sweet fields among them often rising to the summits, with orchards and stately forest trees. There are gardens there, and many happy homes. Go with me to those hill-tops and look upon scenes which were there ages before the white man stepped on the banks of the River Parker, and will remain when centennial after centennial shall have rolled into the past.

Turn seaward. There are the headlands of Cape Ann. Its cliffs are a part of our granite mountains come down to the sea. It is the last time that the mountains and ocean meet on our coast. It is from such meeting that the shores of the Mediterranean have their charms. Southward all along our coast are sand shores, save where rocks of milder form welcome the fragrance of the tropics, borne by the river in the

sea to the delicious atmosphere of the Narragansett. In this cool sea and invigorating air behold the cluster of Rocks, Isles which should bear the name as they do the monument of the great discoverer who asked this boon. He was one of those men whom England in that day sent over the world, of simple name, plain John Smith, and of a nature strong and tender. In the East he could cleave the heads of the fierce Turks dripping with blood for which they had always thirsted. In the West the Indian maiden, daughter of the king, sprang to him to protect him against the hand of her father. You perceive nothing of the ocean in this vast expanse but its tranquil strength. "The hectoring words and hard blows of the proud and boisterous ocean" which Judge Sewall's poem commemorates, do not disturb our inland peace. Nothing is heard save when in some great storm the mighty seas thunder all along the coast.

Look now upon the land. From Agamenticus in Maine all along the purple peaks of New Hampshire, to Wachusett in Massachusetts, the horizon is filled with that most beautiful object in nature, the blue summit of the distant mountain. Over the lowland south at night, when the storm is coming, the lights from proud Boston shine in the sky. To this expanse of earth and heaven many a day is given which, to use the words of Emerson, "makes all the pomp of Emperors ridiculous." This air, coming from the mountains or the sea, may sometimes hardly try the weak, but it invigorates the strong. There is something of supreme beauty in the old town. The poet of fifty years ago yet speaketh. He prepared a poem for this occasion. As sent to the printer without his amending hand it has been read to us in sympathetic tones by his kinsman-friend. The theme of this last word of his muse is this beautiful and noble river, the Merrimack. It was admired above all things else by the earliest discoverers who were aptly quoted by the orator of the day. Talleyrand and Louise Phillippe once enjoyed your hospitalities. With something of French politeness to their hosts, with more of the artistic eye of the French for landscape, they declared the banks of the river upward, as far as the pulses of the sea are felt, to be unsurpassed in beauty. The monarch on the throne of France vividly portrayed, to a distinguished son of West Newbury, the view from the home of the first senator from Massachusetts, Tristram Dalton, on the banks of the river. Through all the vicissitudes of that monarch's life the scenes remained like a picture in his memory. The whole length of the little town is on the banks of that river. I might easily say more of a river whose first waters the old man of the mountain pours from his rocky urn. The whole southern slope of the White Hills sends the mountain brooks to swell its waters. Each rapid and water-

fall has become the great city. It moves more machinery, has more productive power, ministers more to the comfort of man than any other river in the land. Its course is from the mountains direct to Narragansett Bay. But enamored of the hills it turns backward among them and is returning to New Hampshire, when Massachusetts, once in possession, threw her arms round either shore and claimed the beautiful river all as her own until she escaped into the sea. So that while we are today within the latitude of New Hampshire and have her climate, we are within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, because she so loved the beautiful river. "Massachusetts, God bless her!" said the eloquent Southerner in Faneuil Hall. "Massachusetts, God has blessed her," responded an eloquent son of Newburyport. How much of the influence of Massachusetts, from the revolution, of which she bore the brunt, to the present time, may be owing to the fact that nearly the whole eastern coast of New England is here? New Hampshire has but a single harbor, and that she shares with Maine. Maine, once a part of Massachusetts, looks southward upon the sea; while the Bay State, not content with both of the capes and all the windings of its shores, goes round upon the southern coast of New England, and even envies Rhode Island her priceless possession, the Narragansett. Its chief island the French desired in return for their aid in our Revolution—too priceless it was for any gratitude to give. And yet Massachusetts, within present memories, filed her process in the Supreme court of the United States, and claimed that all the Eastern shore of that bay and its adjacent waters were her own. The Attorney-General of the State, then and now a distinguished citizen of Essex county, and an ex-Governor and Attorney-General of the State, whose home was in that city by the sea from which the distinguished and eloquent gentlemen came today with his tribute of the heart to the daughters of Newburyport, conducted the controversy for Massachusetts. Its conduct of course was honorable and able. It ended in an exchange of territory previously occupied by each state, which a decree of the Supreme Court, based upon consent, made final. And in this termination, Massachusetts acted with generous justice; and Rhode Island will be undisturbed in her rightful possessions forever. Excuse my wanderings, Mr. President. He who does not love the home of his adoption cannot rightly love the home of his fathers.

One word in conclusion, suggested by something my friend Mr. Cross said. It illustrates the changed condition of the times. And that the present, in some respect, at least, is an improvement upon the past. The Great and General Court of Massachusetts, it seems, once passed a resolve urging the good people of this ancient town to stamp out the Anabap-

tists. My great grandfather was one of those Anabaptists,—Baptists they called themselves. He preached in this and the adjacent towns, and was not altogether unknown in religious or political controversy, at Bunker Hill and Saratoga, as well as in the sharper contests at home. And yet my welcome here is none the less, even from the good doctor of the Standing Order by whose direction I speak. May I also add that he was the first, I believe, to consecrate the waters of our noble river, in one form of Christian baptism. Those who have seen believers descend from its banks into its waters to be buried in baptism, and to rise to a new life, while hymns of prayer and praise ascend from sympathetic hearts into the heavens, have witnessed one of the most simple and impressive religious ceremonies in the world.

At the close of Judge Bradley's address, President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I invite you now to listen to a brief address from another well known citizen of West Newbury, who is thoroughly familiar with her history and can, undoubtedly, recall to your remembrance the men who in the past or present have been identified with her material prosperity and intellectual life, or who have won for themselves honor and distinction elsewhere. Permit me to introduce to you E. Moody Boynton, Esq., of West Newbury.

ADDRESS OF E. MOODY BOYNTON, ESQ.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am proud that my parents and their fathers for two hundred and fifty years were natives of Old Newbury; that they were honest and useful people, and represented the Puritan faith which my ancestor, Rev. William Moody, and the son of Sir Matthew Boynton, brought here with them two hundred and fifty years ago. Not the warlike deeds of the Puritans nor their intellectual force that rose like a meteor and abolished thrones of Europe is alone our boast of ancestry, but their fidelity to liberty and equality, the Christian civilization they founded and the character they impressed on our nation while breaking fetters for the world. Men may dispute about the motives and patriotism of Cæsar or a Napoleon, but the influence of the Puritans' mental and moral greatness remains unquestioned among the twenty millions of their descendants. Since their advent more has been added to liberty, happiness, civilization, than all previous history of man. Their work is their highest eulogy. West Newbury, where I live, was first occupied by Caleb Moody in 1636, by John Emery in 1640. While the ancestors of Moses Brown, of Josiah Bartlett, of Ben: Perley Poore, of the Ordways, Johnsons, Littles, Smiths, Baileys, Cokers, Rogerses, Fultons, Morses, Longfellows, and

others followed soon after, but not until 1686 was the territory divided and sold. The second church of Newbury was organized at this time, and in 1705 removed to Pipe-stave hill, adjoining my residence. The parsonage house was erected one hundred and eighty years ago, and its barn was made from the beams of the first church built in the city of Newburyport. How beautifully and appropriately our schools celebrate this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of a people where free schools and free government had birth. Recalling the patriotism, sacrifices and character of our ancestors is a patriotic duty. It is time in our nation's wealth and luxury to reopen and drink from the fountains of its youth; and he who sneers at the Puritans, might as well muzzle the cannon that thunders the annual return of Independence day; patriotism still lives. Our Parsons, Garrison, Phillips, Whittier, abolished slavery. The first hundred of the forlorn hope that crossed Fredericksburg in the face of a hundred thousand hostile guns were sons of Newbury in the nineteenth regiment, for they were descended from those who a hundred years before marched to Salem bridge, to Lexington and Bunker Hill, from those who manned the ships in both wars that swept a thousand British prizes on the sea. Gov. Josiah Bartlett, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born on the Amesbury shore, opposite West Newbury. Samuel Bartlett, his grandfather, associated with Caleb Moody in resistance to Gov. Andros, were equally citizens of West Newbury. The ancestors of Daniel Webster were the children of Mrs. John Emery, wife of our John Emery, the great public benefactor. Mrs. Gen. Peabody, who made such a noble impress upon the great banker, George Peabody, when a child in her household, was a native of West Newbury, and her relatives are here today. Felton, the president of Harvard University, was the son of our village blacksmith. Bailey, the mathematician and author and founder of the first ladies' high school in America, was a native of West Newbury. Time fails me to mention our heroes of the French and Indian wars that for a hundred years made this their battleline. The arsenal and signal station were on the hill where I live; the training field was consecrated by the footsteps of men who gave their blood to redeem a continent. With us every step is history, every old house a shrine. West Newbury has not in her quarter thousand years of history had one murder in her limits. Today we look upon a city of beauty where there was silence, while from orchard-crowned hills a wondrous prospect of sea and river and mountains unfold more beautiful to us than aught but paradise. We see our fathers like those mountains today free from the mist that were hung with rainbows; their

hope has become fruition. Their virtues, like the mountains, are eternal and lift us today to their higher claims.

The Toast-master proposed for the tenth regular toast:

THE PATRIOT SOLDIERS OF ALL THE NEWBURYS:

From the Pequot war of 1657 to the late unpleasantness. Prompt at the call, valiant in fight, faithful to the end, quick to forgive.

President Currier, introducing the next speaker, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Among those who have come from a distance to unite with us in these anniversary exercises there is one who served in the ranks, as a volunteer, during the late civil war, and is now a commissioned officer in the regular army of the United States. His recent struggle and conflict with an Arctic winter has won for him an honored place among the illustrious heroes of the age. I shall now call upon him to respond to the sentiment that has just been proposed, for I know you will be pleased to see and hear from Lieut. Greely of Washington, D. C.

ADDRESS OF LIEUT. A. W. GREELY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I feel that this is not the time to wear away your time with a speech. We are all tired. I am, at least, after my long ride from Washington. But as I am called upon I will say a few words, and I will begin by saying that there are few here who realize the date of the Pequot war. Statistics show us that the history of Newbury goes back beyond the commencement of Parliamentary laws in Old England. When Newbury was founded the armies which at Naseby, Marston Moor, and Newbury, established Parliamentary government in England were as yet unformed, but as farmers and yeomen tilled the fields of England. You have heard today how the Puritan soldiers went forth, and how they discussed the questions of the day.

The speaker of the day has told you how by the aid of Newbury's sons Fortress Louisburg fell into the hands of the English. How, later, attempts were made to scale the walls of Quebec, and how still later, the men of Newbury acquitted themselves with credit. As years rolled on, as warfares with the old country sprung up, Newbury men were there; in the days of the Revolution, and later in the war of 1812, and again in 1816, and besides these were the Everglades and the Rebellion. In all these encounters Newbury's sons took an honorable part. I call it the Rebellion, although one of the speakers has referred to it as "the late unpleasantness." Don't mince words. It was a rebellion, and so let us call it, and so I refer to it as the rebellion, not in any sense of bitterness or desire to fight those battles over again. It was a re-

bellion, don't mince words about it. The men who fought us were brave, generous, noble. They rebelled, so call it what it was, a rebellion, for it was nothing else.

Now what was it that inspired the men of Newbury? What caused them to spill their blood like water on the rocky walls of Louisburg and the heights of Chepultepec? What, I ask, from the Everglades of Florida westward to the plains of Wyoming; what through the streets of Baltimore? I think I can tell you. To my mind it is the sense of duty which inspired these men. Without that sense of duty the soldiers of Newbury never would have marched, and if they were compelled to march they would have fought to lose the battle.

Their actions in regard to the war of 1812 are no credit to Newbury. There was no sense of duty in fighting for a cause which was repellant to them. Brave men are from all nations. They spring from no particular soil. I shall not speak of the men of Newbury as brave men. To do so would be no compliment. They are brave, as all other men, but something more may be said, which is shown by the statistics of the war. Where one man is pierced by the bullet two fall by disease. Now as we look over the records we see that where two men in this war perished by disease but one died by the bullet. But we who look closer find that instead of 68 men perishing by disease and 32 by the bullet and sword and prison, that 52 men from Massachusetts died by the sword and bullet and prison, and 48 perished by disease. That speaks for the character of the New England man; that speaks for the Puritan, and when you ask of what stamp and where is to be seen the representative soldier of Newbury, I refer you to that great metropolis where has been set up for the centuries and ages to come a beautiful statue of one of the Puritans, a soldier with gun and bible, who fought always with a sense of duty. One of the eloquent speakers has said that the men of Newbury were lion-hearted. So I think and take them to be. So you will agree that they were. They were men like those who were with Arnold, that could not be tempted, and preferred to wear the rags of the continental soldiery rather than accept the enemy's offers. It may be that that is indicative of New England character. As a son of Newbury I feel that perhaps it may not be the place for me to speak of some defects in New England character—it is that sense of duty pushed to excess. It is my notion that we should take a lesson from nature, and if we follow her we will profit by it. One of the eloquent speakers before me has referred to the granite which from the White Hills comes down to meet the Atlantic, and has described the beauty of the field, forest and grass which overlays and beautifies the granite. So let it be understood that this feeling of duty

should be made beautiful and graceful rather than stern and cold. Perhaps, however, I should not say this. I think perhaps to some of you who stand here it may be a lesson in training the youthful mind to feel that our sense of duty should not overrule everything. I thank you very much for your kind attention.

The Toast-master announced as the eleventh regular toast:

THE ORATOR OF THE DAY, AND THE VENERABLE INSTITUTION OVER WHICH HE PRESIDES: May they long prosper together.

President Currier then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—There are, doubtless, many in this audience who have listened to the eloquent historical address delivered at City Hall this morning, and who have waited long and patiently for the privilege of hearing again from the orator of the day. I therefore, in compliance with your wishes and without further delay, will present to you President Bartlett of Dartmouth College.

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL C. BARTLETT, D. D., LL. D.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I shall not forget that I have already had my share of your time and your patience today, and all that I have to say in addition is simply to give you a sentiment, with a word or two of introduction. From what you have heard here this afternoon, you see clearly that in an historical address of Old Newbury, the difficulty was not what to include but what to exclude. I gave you the history, and now want to give you a bit of prophecy, that I found among the documents of the past. Judge Samuel Sewell, born seventeen years after the settlement of Old Newbury, wrote in his maturity these lines:

"As long as Plum Island shall faithfully keep the commanded post, notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard blows of the proud and boisterous ocean; as long as any salmon or sturgeon shall swim in the streams of Merrimack: * * * as long as any sheep shall walk upon Old Town hills, and shall thence pleasantly look down upon the River Parker and the fruitful marshes lying beneath; as long as any free and harmless doves shall find a white oak or other tree within the township, to perch or feed, or build a careless nest upon, and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of gleaners after the barley harvest; * * * so long shall Christians be born there and being first made meet shall from thence be translated to be made partakers of the saints in light."

Now, dams and water-wheels have effectually driven out salmon and sturgeon from the Merrimack; in a recent visit to Parker river I saw no sheep looking pleasantly down from Oldtown Hill; and though my friend, Mr. Little, showed me on his farm a white oak, supposed to be two or three hundred years old, I saw no free and harmless doves build

ing their careless nests upon it, and no barley harvest for them to glean; while even Plum Island has so far yielded to the hard blows of the boisterous ocean that the "Commanded Post," if it be the site of the ancient fortress, is now on the Salisbury side. But good Christians, and a goodly number of them too, continue to be born here still. My sentiment is therefore—The old township of Newbury, that lives in her history, and outlives her prophecy.

The Toastmaster then offered the twelfth regular toast:

BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD:

From his life of fifty years among the stars, he returns to his native land himself a star of magnitude.

President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I will improve this opportunity to introduce to you a gentleman who for many years has labored arduously in his profession, in a foreign land, and who comes back to us crowned with honors. I have now the pleasure of presenting to you the eminent astronomer, Benjamin Apthrop Gould of Boston.

ADDRESS OF BENJAMIN A. GOULD, PH. D.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I thank you most sincerely for this very kind welcome, and am most glad of the opportunity to express my gratitude for the agreeable invitation that has brought me hither. Nothing could have induced me to decline it. Yet, now that you call on me to speak, I must beg you to remember that my avocations have not been such as to give that power of ready utterance which one craves at such a moment.

There are pursuits in life, such as those of the pulpit or the bar, which confer fluency in speech and a ready command of ideas even while facing a large assemblage. For others, such for instance as astronomy, it cannot be claimed that they tend in such direction. Whether they educate the eye or not, they certainly do not cultivate the tongue. Still, under no circumstances could I fail to respond with all my heart when the subject is Newburyport and her vicinity.

It is not as a stranger that I come, but as an adopted child, claiming to be received as such. To Newburyport my first remembrances of childhood go back; of those years whose memories are not only the earliest, but the most enduring and most vivid. I still see the venerable grandsire who through his long life bore upon his cheek the scar of Lexington; the aunt, whose watchful tenderness was almost as that of a mother; the first school-room that my feet ever trod; and the voices of those early days still echo to my ear.

Never shall I lose the sound of that deep, moaning murmur which

nightly lulled me to sleep, and which they told me was the dashing of the surf upon the bar; nor of the winding of the driver's horn at midnight, waking the slumberers as the mail-coach rattled down State street, and rumbled across the wooden bridge. Even now, after more than half a century, I thrill anew, in recalling the ancient apprehensions at the sight of the painted statues in Lord Timothy Dexter's garden; and when remembering the monument to the memory of Whitefield, there occurs yet more vividly that awful dread of his bones mouldering beneath the pulpit, which the child seated in the front pew was unable to banish for a single moment from his consciousness.

How well memory recalls that stentorian voice from the double-towered meeting-house two streets away; the sonorous resonance of which enabled us to profit by the Sunday afternoon's discourse as we sat at the open window in Charter street. I had heard something of Paradise Lost, and supposed the Milton whose voice was thundering in my ears to be none other than its immortal author. Perhaps this was not remarkable, for certainly the doctrine tended in that direction! Then there reappears the venerable form of the Rev. Dr. Dana and the stately presence of our own minister, Mr. Proudfit. How it horrified me once to hear his spouse address him with absolute familiarity as "John!" And not the least, among these memories, is that of the spiritual peril said to lurk upon the north side of Pleasant street, where Dr. Andrews ministered.

So too in later years I have felt almost entitled to citizenship through my esteemed and near friends among you, partly bequeathed me, and partly secured through special favor. Not to mention the living,—I claim, sir, that there can be few who cherish a more cordial respect for the memory of that venerable man, Dr. Withington, whose heart was so much larger than his creed; or of the brilliant and learned statesman, Caleb Cushing, who amid overwhelming official and professional duties found time to defend me and my cause, when feebly and almost hopelessly struggling in behalf of the interests of science against the tremendous opposition of the money-power in an unintellectual community; or to that man of wondrous enterprise, William Wheelwright, for whose aid in two hemispheres I owe debts of gratitude. Hither, too, has always been my annual pilgrimage, when at home, to gather the trailing arbutus in April and the mountain laurel in June. But I have no right to consume your time with personal reminiscences.

How very large has been the quota which Newbury has furnished to the empire of the West. Just as New England is the mother of Ohio and Western New York, and through them of still remoter states—entitled to claim a fair share of their achievements and renown—so has

Old Newbury contributed in a large degree to the position which New England has won for herself in history. I will not presume to speak, in this presence, of the early history of Newbury, but I have been astonished today, in looking back to those comparatively recent times through which my own memory reaches, to see how great has been the influence that has been exerted by this one town and how many are the intellectual associations connected with her.

Here it was that Franklin, more than 130 years ago, when the spire of the first church was shattered by a stroke of lightning, proved by his inspection that the discharge had passed through twenty feet of a small wire no bigger than a knitting needle and that had been completely vaporized by the passage.

Here Perkins made many of his wonderful inventions—the steam gun, derided then, but since developed into the Gatling of today—the stereotype bank note with its microscopic inscriptions, and the like.

From here came the classic Dr. Popkin, once a very pillar of our university, whose quaint form I remember in the streets and walks of Cambridge when I first knew them; the Greenleaf, through whom two generations of New Englanders were initiated into the mysteries of numbers; and that other one whom it was my privilege to know when, as colleague of Judge Story, he was helping to train so vast a proportion of those who have since that time guided the jurisdiction of our country.

What Bostonian fails to claim with pride the Newbury names of Parsons, Jackson, Lowell, and Cary? Longfellow is yours, with only one remove. The gifted, brilliant, sterling family of Feltons, conspicuous alike in classic culture, and in the application of science to the arts of life, would richly adorn the annals of whatever town might be their birthplace. And I bring you witness that the whole continent of South America honors the name of William Wheelwright. To him that division of the world owes its first steamship, its first railroad, first gas light, and first electric telegraph. And he is still cited as a conspicuous example of intelligent enterprise, as well as of uprightness and integrity, amid singularly adverse influences.

I may not longer detain you, Mr. President and fellow townsmen, but may be forgiven if before taking my seat, I recall for our common benefit the great moral of this occasion. This can scarcely be done better than by citing anew the pithy lines with the quotation of which the son of Newburyport who served as your orator a few years ago, and whom we all rejoice to greet again today, closed his interesting anniversary address:

> "They who on glorious ancestry enlarge,
> Produce their debt, instead of their discharge."

The Toastmaster then read the thirteenth regular toast:

THE GOOD OLD NEWBURY FAMILIES:

The houses they built show us what they were,—solid, lofty, spacious, genuine. Abounding in utilities, but not wanting in ornament; made to serve, to last, and to adorn.

President Currier then made the following announcement:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I shall call upon a descendant of one of the old Newbury families to respond to this toast, and I know you will welcome him as a worthy representative of the men who owned and occupied the spacious houses, and who gave dignity and refinement to the social life of Newbury, a century ago. It affords me great pleasure to be able to introduce to you, on this occasion, Edward Atkinson, Esq., of Boston.

ADDRESS OF EDWARD ATKINSON, ESQ.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—When I received a note, yesterday, telling me that I was to respond to this sentiment, I felt rather worried. But I recalled the advice of the clergyman to a younger brother who had difficulty in preparing his sermon. "Oh," said the older one, "leave it as Dr. So and So does, until Saturday afternoon, and then make nothing of it." (Laughter.) Perhaps the best speech I could make to you would be to tell you a story to enliven the occasion. I went some time ago into an Essex county political meeting to make a financial speech, which as you know is a weary business for listeners, and a gentleman who had been dining out and had taken a little too much champagne, followed me. Next day an old friend met me and said, "That was a funny meeting you had in Salem yesterday." "How was that?" I asked. "Well," said he, "an old lady who attended said 'twas a funny affair. The first speaker was very dry and the second one had been." (Laughter.) Now, if I were to address you at any length you might soon discover that I was the speaker who *was* very dry on that occasion, and you might even wish that the one who *had been* were in my place. At this late hour I therefore think it wisest to adopt the advice of the old clergyman, in a little different way from what he intended, and to make nothing of the speech which I might have given you.

The Toastmaster proposed for the fourteenth regular toast:

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: THE POET OF LIBERTY AND NATURE:

"All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard,
Who was true to The Voice when such service was hard,
Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
When to look but a protest in silence was brave:
All honor and praise to the women and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then."

President Currier then announced that a letter, written for this occasion, by Mr. Whittier, would be read by Nathan N. Withington, Esq., of Newburyport.

LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amesbury, 6th Month, 1885.

Samuel J. Spalding, D. D.

My Dear Friend:—I am sorry that I cannot hope to be with you on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Old Newbury. Although I can hardly call myself a son of the ancient town, my grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf, of blessed memory, was its daughter, and I may therefore claim to be its grandson. Its genial and learned historian, Joshua Coffin, was my first school teacher, and all my life I have lived in sight of its green hills and in hearing of its Sabbath bells. Its wealth of natural beauty has not been left unsung by its own poets, Hannah F. Gould, Mrs. Hopkins, George Lunt, and Edward A. Washburn, while Harriet Prescott Spofford's "Plum Island Sound" is as sweet and musical as Tennyson's "Brook." Its history and legends are familiar to me. I seem to have known all its old worthies, whose descendants have helped to people a continent and who have carried the name and memories of their birth-place to the Mexican Gulf and across the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific. They were the best and selectest of Puritanism, brave, honest, God-fearing men and women; and if their creed in the lapse of time has lost something of its vigor, the influence of their ethical righteousness still endures. The prophecy of Samuel Sewall that Christians should be found in Newbury so long as pigeons shall roost on its oaks and Indian corn grow in Oldtown fields, remains still true, and we trust will always remain so. Yet, as of old, the evil personage sometimes intrudes himself into company too good for him. It was said in the witchcraft trials of 1692 that Satan baptized his converts at Newbury Falls, the scene, probably, of one of Hawthorne's weird "Twice Told Tales," and there is a tradition that in the midst of a heated controversy between one of Newbury's painful ministers and his deacon, who (anticipating Garrison by a century) ventured to doubt the propriety of clerical slaveholding, the adversary made his appearance in the shape of a black giant stalking through Byfield. It was never, I believe, definitely settled whether he was drawn there by the minister's zeal in defence of slavery or the deacon's irreverent denial of the minister's right and duty to curse Canaan in the person of his negro.

Old Newbury has sometimes been spoken of as ultra-conservative and hostile to new ideas and progress, but this is not warranted by its history. More than two centuries ago, when Major Pike, just across the river, stood up and denounced in open town meeting the law against freedom of conscience and worship, and was in consequence fined and outlawed, some of Newbury's best citizens stood bravely by him. The town took no part in the witchcraft horror and got none of its old women and town charges hanged for witches. "Goody" Morse had the spirit rappings in her house two hundred years earlier than the Fox girls did, and somewhat later a Newbury minister in wig and knee buckles rode, Bible in hand, over to Hampton to lay a ghost who had materialized himself and was stamping up and down stairs in his military boots.

Newbury's ingenious citizen, Jacob Perkins, in drawing out diseases with his metallic tractors, was quite as successful as modern "faith and mind" doctors.

The Quakers, whipped at Hampton on one hand and at Salem on the other, went back and forth unmolested in Newbury, for they could make no impression on its iron-clad orthodoxy. Whitefield set the example, since followed by the Salvation Army, of preaching in its streets, and now lies buried under one of its churches, with almost the honors of sainthood. William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newbury. The town must be regarded as the Alpha and Omega of anti-slavery agitation, beginning with its abolition deacon and ending with Garrison. Puritanism, here as elsewhere, had a flavor of radicalism; it had its humorous side, and its ministers did not hesitate to use wit and sarcasm, like Elijah before the priests of Baal. As, for instance, the wise and learned clergyman, Puritan of the Puritans, beloved and reverenced by all, who has just laid down the burdens of his nearly one hundred years, startled and shamed his brother ministers, who were zealous for the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, by preparing for them a form of prayer for use while engaged in catching runaway slaves.

I have, I fear, dwelt too long upon the story and tradition of the old town, which will doubtless be better told by the orator of the day. The theme is to me full of interest. Among the blessings which I would gratefully own is the fact that my lot has been cast in the beautiful valley of the Merrimack, within sight of Newbury steeples, Plum Island and Crane Neck and Pipe Stave Hills.

Let me, in closing, pay something of the debt I have owed from boyhood by expressing a sentiment in which I trust every son of the ancient town will unite:

Joshua Coffin—historian of Newbury, teacher, scholar, and antiquarian, and one of the earliest advocates of slave emancipation,—may his memory be kept green, to use the words of Judge Sewall, "so long as Plum Island keeps its post, and a sturgeon leaps in Merrimack River."

I am very faithfully thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Toastmaster gave for the fifteenth regular toast:

OUR GENEROUS BENEFACTORS:

We remember them all today with profound gratitude.

President Currier then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have the pleasure of introducing to you a citizen of Newburyport who has always taken a deep interest in the public charities and literary institutions of this community, and can therefore with great propriety be called upon to respond to the sentiment that has just been proposed. I ask you now to give your attention to some remarks from Edward S. Moseley, Esq., of this city.

ADDRESS OF EDWARD S. MOSELEY, ESQ.

Mr. President:—I premise the few remarks I propose to make by thanking you for your very complimentary introduction. I received only yesterday an intimation that I was expected to reply to a toast on this occasion, commemorative of those who have bestowed gifts to promote the public welfare. I regret that more time was not allowed for the preparation of remarks in some measure worthy of the subject,

and still more, that the duty was not entrusted to hands better qualified to do the subject justice. As, however, it might seem in the highest degree ungrateful to allow the sentiment to pass in mournful silence, I venture to respond in a few words; and yet the number of those who have testified in deeds their love for our dear old homestead is so large, surpassed by no other place of equal size, that time will fail me to enumerate them all. Our generous benefactors! "*Si monumenta requiris, circumspice.*" Yes. Look around. The manifold gifts of our benefactors form the basis, and are built into the very foundation upon which rest our beneficent and educational institutions. Yes, I begin the honored list with the name of Dummer, the colonial governor of Massachusetts, who so many years ago laid the foundation of the academy, which bears his name, and which is now renewing its youth. Then at an interval the name of that worthy citizen, Moses Brown, occurs to me,—the founder of the Brown High school; and equally to be honored, Oliver Putnam for his bequest to the cause of education. Josiah Little, Samuel Swett, Plant Sawyer, William C. Todd, and others whose names are recorded in marble as benefactors of the Public Library. George Peabody also will live in the hearts of the people by his munificent gift to the same object, in token of his recognition of the affection he bore to this, his place of residence in youth, and especially is our gratitude due to Michael H. Simpson, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, whose donation towards the erection of the annex to the Library exceeds that of any other person. [The reference of the speaker to the latter evoked hearty applause.] The honored names of William Wheelwright, William Horton, D. D., and Daniel I. Tenney rise to remembrance, the last of whom has literally impressed his benefaction in granite. I must not omit the name of John Bromfield, to whose munificence the city of Newburyport is indebted for thousands of the shade trees which beautify her streets, nor that of Edmund Bartlet, to whom we are indebted in great part for our beautiful Mall. Especially would I commemorate Anna Jaques, the founder of the Hospital, whose kindly gift will tend to alleviate the ills of humanity; nor should the ladies be forgotten, whose loving sympathy led to the formation of the Old Ladies' Society and Home. The gift of Moses Atkinson for school purposes, and that of Eben Hale who contributed the fund for the relief of disabled firemen, should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and so of John S. Toppan, who through love and affection erected the beautiful gateway to the Oak Hill Cemetery; and then the cemetery itself, originally founded by private subscription, thrown open to the public on terms of which all can avail. Delicacy prevents me from saying more than

to allude to the gift of the Public Library Building to the city with a fund to keep it ever in repair. I fear that in the brief time allotted me, I may not have recalled the names of many, who here and now deserve recognition and remembrance, but of this be assured, that the record of good deeds done below is faithfully kept on high, and that their sweet savor rises acceptably on swift wings from earth to heaven, there to yield perpetual fragrance.

The Toastmaster announced for the sixteenth regular toast:

THE CLERGYMEN OF THE THREE TOWNS:

Skillful alike with tongue and pen
They preach to all men everywhere,
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

President Currier, introducing the first speaker invited to respond to this toast, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The influence and ability of the clergy, and the work they have accomplished here, are topics so interesting and suggestive that I am sure you will pardon me if I venture to ask your attention while two members of that profession speak of the incidents, and of the men, prominent in the religious life of this community. I shall call, first, upon a distinguished clergyman, who has lived and labored here for many years, to address you. Familiar with the early history of the various churches organized within the limits of Old Newbury, his views on this and kindred subjects are entitled to your respectful consideration. I have now the pleasure of introducing to you Rev. Dr. Spalding of Newburyport.

ADDRESS OF REV. SAMUEL J. SPALDING, D. D.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is now so late in the afternoon, that it is hardly worth the while to make more than the briefest allusion to the clergy of Old Newbury. From the first settlement of the township they have been a most prominent and important factor in the development of the character of its people, and the formation of its institutions. Some years ago Horace Greeley was passing the night at our house. At the supper-table he asked if Newburyport retained its old reputation. I said, I do not understand to what you refer. "When I was a boy," he continued, "I used to come to Newburyport with my father occasionally a marketing, and I remember that once on our return the neighbors dropped in to hear the news. Among other remarks, my father said, they have more religion and will

drink more rum in Old Newbury than in any town I ever heard of. The elder Greeley was not far out of the way in his estimate of the place religion occupied in the minds of our fathers. And as our rum had a world-wide reputation for its purity and excellence, it unquestionably was appreciated and used freely at home. Both their religion and their rum had the sterling qualities of strength and flavor. The religion of the people was taught them by their clergy, and it inculcated reverence, patriotism, fidelity and righteousness. Few communities have had so learned, so able, and so faithful ministers as Old Newbury. The settlement was started high religiously and educationally by Parker and Noyes. Both had reputation and influence in the old country, and since the settlement these pulpits have been filled by some of the ablest divines in America. Such men as Toppan, and Tucker, and Popkin, and Withington, Tafts and Hale, Lowell and Andrews, Tappan and Woods, Parish and Durant, Parsons and Dana, Bass and Washburne, Spring and Dimmick, and others not less laborious and successful. These clergymen were broad and comprehensive in their plans of work and in their aims. It was natural that among men of such marked personal characteristics, there should have been strong and sometimes violent antagonisms, and this community has been shaken from centre to circumference again and again by the theological differences of its ministers. But the upheaval has borne everything onward to a higher, broader, and better spiritual elevation. Those old clergymen had the idea that they were not doing their duty as clergymen unless they gave special attention to the flock committed to their care. You have heard of their work as it has been alluded to today. I might go on to speak of the characteristics of those men, but it is too late. They have had their place, they have done their work, and the character of the Newburyport people, the institutions which have grown up here, the charity which is so wide and diffusive, comes not alone from their heritage as children of such parents, but in no small degree from the thorough training they have had in the church and in the common schools.

At the close of Rev. Dr. Spalding's remarks, President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—You are well aware that, at the present time, a large number of our citizens are earnest and devout members of the Roman Catholic church. We recognize the power and influence of its clergy, and today invite the Rev. A. J. Teeling of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Newburyport, to speak of the work the clergy of that church have accomplished here.

ADDRESS OF REV. A. J. TEELING.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—In responding to the sentiment proposed, I but humbly follow in the steps of the historian whose truthful page records what the poet has sung and what the divine spirit of revelation has dictated. That is, that the clergy, those called and chosen to teach mankind what their Divine Master taught them, should always by tongue and pen elevate and make better those committed to their care, should indeed impress upon them by word and example the sublime precept of the Golden Rule, love for God, and love for all men for his sake. This commandment is the foundation of the Christian religion, it bespeaks Christian faith, is the source of Christian hope, and inspires Christian charity.

The checkered pages of the history of our city during the past 250 years bear frequent testimony, no doubt, to the zeal of the clergy who have gone before us. As for myself, however, I know little about this past, and perhaps it is better to look forward than backward—to act, act in the living present—to see to it that this new commandment be still more earnestly and kindly enforced. While agreeing, however, with the opening sentiment proposed by our honored toastmaster, another command, that of professing our faith before men, impels me to dissent from the closing couplet, which so emphatically places the deed above the creed. If they had been placed on an equality, if while reading with St. James that "faith without good works is dead"—he had also read with St. Paul that "without faith it is impossible to please God," I could most cordially agree with the whole sentiment; and would do that the more willingly, because I realize that in no celebration in this noble country of ours should the religious element be wanting. No country in the world bears stronger marks of the existence of the religious spirit. America—the United States particularly—is the child of religion. Religion, for I must call it so, whether I agree with its particular tenets or not, sent the Puritan to Massachusetts, the Quaker to Philadelphia, the Catholic to Maryland. Yes, and to go back still further, when the greed of empire and of gold failed to lead to the discovery of the New World, religion inspired the woman who pledged her jewels to help the noble work. Religion encouraged the first sailors who crossed the Atlantic amid all their doubts and fears, and inspired them to plant the sign of Redemption in the New World, even before they fixed the standard of their sovereign.

Religion has set her seal on the utmost limits of our country from the rivers St. Lawrence and Holy Cross (St. Croix) at the north and east to St. Augustine at the south and San Francisco at the west. So much for religion in general. Now I would like to say a word about

it in our own particular city (whose 250th anniversary we commemorate today), and I suppose it is incumbent on me to speak of that religion of whose Golden Rule I am an humble exponent. The term Irishmen and Catholic are almost synonymous. Now the Irishman is a foreigner only so long as the law demands—that time expired there is no more faithful American citizen; his children are American from birth, but Catholicity requires no naturalization in our land. It is no foreigner; if not indigenous to the soil, it has certainly the claim of precedence here. However there were circumstances, which it is better not now to refer to, that caused it for a time to be lost sight of; but it was still here and under the blessed light of religious freedom it has had a most luxuriant growth within the last half century.

Sixty years ago there were in all New England only as many Catholic priests as there are today in Newburyport, and the Catholics scattered over that territory had to rely upon their ministration. I dare say there were a few Catholics long before that period even here in Newburyport —French and Irish; for where in the world can you go and not find one of the latter. It has been said that one of Columbus's sailors was a McCarthy from Kerry. Joking aside, the hand of God, for some wise purpose, no doubt, has sent the race the world over, and everywhere the Irishman has taken his glorious old faith with him; so we find as far back as 1839 that Father French, on his way from Portland to Boston, stopped over here, and gathering together the few Catholics, offered for them the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the house of one of the residents. Father Cannavan of Dover, N. H., for many years visited this place once a month and ministered to the spiritual wants of the people. Through his efforts the vestry of the Old South church was purchased and moved to Charles street. This was the grain of mustard seed. Father John O'Brien, of happy memory, who recently died at Lowell, was installed the first pastor of Newburyport and the surrounding towns in 1859, and labored in this portion of the vineyard till called to another. This good man was succeeded by one whom most of you knew and respected, Rev. Henry Lennon, who built our present church, and who after twenty years of hard labor for the welfare of the people of his parish, which embraced Newburyport, West Newbury, Amesbury and Salisbury, went to his reward in the month of July, 1874.

Of the present clergy and their work in ministering to the spiritual wants of four thousand people, it becomes not me to speak, but I trust their labors may be such that the golden rule may shine still more brightly before all our eyes, so that those of our population who may live to see our city's three hundredth anniversary may, looking back, have reason to thank God for His loving guidance.

The Toastmaster proposed for the seventeenth regular toast:

THE LITERARY CLASS AMONG US.

Native or adopted. They do us honor, and in the wide world their works do honor them.

Immediately after the reading of this toast, President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I shall call upon a well known author, a worthy representative of "the literary class among us," to respond to the sentiment. He is at least a son of Newbury by adoption, and claims to have discovered here that combination of rural quiet and comfort, with enough of the bustle and activity of city life to give to the locality a special charm and attraction as a place of residence for those who labor with tongue or pen. I have now the honor to introduce to you that brilliant writer and highly esteemed citizen, James Parton of Newburyport.

ADDRESS OF JAMES PARTON.

The hour, Mr. President, is late, and the time appointed for the evening exercises is near. I shall therefore spare you anything in the way of a formal speech, and this I can do with the greater propriety because we can scarcely be said to have among us a literary class. Here, the spirit of literature pervades all classes, and even the production of literature is not confined to any one portion of the community. Every now and then we break out in a poem, a magazine article, a novel, or else something ponderous in the way of a biography, and very likely the hit of our season will be made by a new hand.

The first entertainment I ever attended in Newburyport gave me a lively idea of the varied talents of the people who live in this region. The play presented was written by a native of the soil; the scenery was painted by a resident artist; the music, which was composed by a native musician, was performed by native talent; and when all was over, the ice-cream and sponge cake, which had been prepared by native skill, was handed about by native grace and loveliness.

The entertainment of today might also be cited as an evidence that neither taste nor talent is here confined to any class. I need not particularize in the presence of an audience, who for the space of nearly nine hours have heard and witnessed the exertions of Newbury genius with unflagging interest. The toast, therefore, Mr. President, embraces the whole population. In truth, that house must be poor indeed in this place which does not contain its shelf of books, although there is ever open for us all one of the most beautiful libraries in New England.

The Toastmaster proposed for the eighteenth regular toast:

The Business Men of the Three Towns:
They are the natural chiefs of an industrial people.

President Currier then offered the following remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I shall avail myself of this opportunity to invite a prominent and successful manufacturer of this city to address you. His experience in the management of large industrial enterprises, and his acknowledged ability and business sagacity will enable him to speak, intelligently and acceptably, of the future business prospects of this community. Permit me, therefore, to introduce to you Elisha P. Dodge, esq. of Newburyport,—an active and enterprising citizen, who, having established a new and important industry here, is entitled to your respectful attention.

ADDRESS OF E. P. DODGE, ESQ.

Mr. President:—To be asked on an occasion like this to speak for the business men of Newburyport, to be in that way associated with the merchant princes who in the past have carried her name to every port in the world, is an honor which I fully appreciate. I regret that I have not the ability more worthily to respond. But I labor under some disadvantages, for this is peculiarly the day of those who claim Old Newbury as their birth-place. I have not that honor, and I cannot, as many of you can, recall the former times and tell of the part my ancestors took in developing this community. They fought the good fight on other fields. So the few words I have to say may most properly be confined to congratulations upon our present condition, and to expressions of my strong hope for the future.

It is true that by the revolution which steam power and machinery have wrought, Newburyport has lost some of its old-time importance as a commercial place. The revolution has changed but has not destroyed our business enterprise. The ships of our merchants may be less in number, and perhaps they do not, as formerly, carry merchandise on every sea. Yet at this moment, on a hundred freight trains, the products of our factories are being carried to their destinations throughout the length and breadth of this great land. From Maine to Oregon, from the lakes to the gulf, the manufactures of Newburyport may be found in almost every city or town of importance. It is no disparagement of our sister cities to say the reputation of our work is second to none. The pre-eminent skill of our ship builders has long been recognized. Our artisans in a variety of other industries are winning an equally good name. Who has not observed development in other

branches of trade, until we have today business men in every department of whom we may well be proud.

And as to the future. The feeling that success cannot be won here is fast dying out. Why did it ever exist? Our situation, our facilities for communication, are unexcelled. Our young men are capable and energetic. Patient work in the right direction will bring us still further success.

But the material prosperity, which may as well be won here as elsewhere, is not all we have to live for. Nowhere on earth can more attractive homes be made than on our grand old High street. And the culture and refinement so essential to the highest happiness pervades the atmosphere of Newburyport. And so, Mr. President, while today we honor those who have gone before and congratulate ourselves upon our present prosperity, we will look forward, fully assured that this goodly heritage will descend unimpaired to our children, and that in their hands the fair fame of Old Newbury should never be dimmed.

The Toastmaster announced as the nineteenth regular toast:

THE MIXED INTEREST OF OUR SISTER CITY, LAWRENCE:

No surer guaranty of safety and honesty could be given than the connection with it of that genial son of Old Newbury, John R. Rollins.

President Currier then said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Among the Newbury men who have been called to positions of trust and responsibility in neighboring towns and cities, there is one who early left the home of his ancestors and is now an honored and esteemed citizen of a younger and more prosperous community on the banks of the Merrimack, not many miles above us. He has come back today to participate in the pleasures and enjoyments of this occasion, and will, with your permission, say a few words in acknowledgement of the call that our Toastmaster has made upon him. Allow me to present to you Hon. John R. Rollins of Lawrence.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN R. ROLLINS.

Mr. President and Friends:—I have no doubt you have all heard of the man who in the early part of the late war was so very patriotic that he was willing to sacrifice his own and his wife's relations upon the altar of his country, provided he could be exempt. I am much in the same predicament; and in this presence could feel entirely resigned to sacrifice all my friends upon your festal altar; but I should feel ungrateful indeed if I failed to thank your committee for the honor of their invitation, and the opportunity of enjoying this glorious celebration. I have listened with much pleasure to the reminiscences of Ould

Newbury and would only add a few words. You have referred to me as belonging to Lawrence. Born in the old town of Newbury, Lawrence has been my home during most of the years of its existence. And allow me to say that I think Lawrence is sort of cousin or near relative of your town. How? Francis C. Lowell, Patrick T. Jackson and Paul Moody, all natives of Newbury, were the founders of Lowell. Dr. James Jackson, also a native of Newbury, had a daughter who married Hon. Chas. S. Storrow, one of the engineers of the Boston & Lowell railroad, for many years its manager, and subsequently the agent of the Essex, (or Locks & Canals Co.) of Lawrence, and still its president. Thus you see that Newbury men set the forces in motion that built up both those cities on the beautiful river. And in one particular, certainly, neither has discredited its parentage. I refer to patriotism. For the immortal 6th regiment gave from the Lowell and Lawrence companies the first-martyrs to the cause of the Union in the streets of Baltimore, and Company M, formerly Company K, of the 6th now constitutes a part of your glorious old 8th Regiment, which was also one of the first to rally to the defence of the flag. But I must say no more, except again to thank you for your courtesy.

At the close of the address made by Mr. Rollins, President Currier said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The lengthening shadows remind me that the day is ending, and that these exercises must be brought to an abrupt close. Before we separate, however, I desire that some verses suggested by this occasion and written by a lineal descendant of Henry Sewall,—one of the first settlers of Old Newbury,—may be read for your edification. I shall therefore take the liberty, even at this late hour, of inviting a former townsman—Thomas W. Silloway, esq., of Boston—to read the verses that have been entrusted to his care, and so bring to a fitting close the literary exercises of the day.

ADDRESS OF THOS. W. SILLOWAY, ESQ.

Mr. President and Friends:—Not long ago you did me the honor to listen to a public address in which I related the result of my observations in the town of Newbury, England, the place from which emigrated in 1634 the more prominent, and I may add, distinguished settlers of this community. Remembering this fact, and knowing that today a large number of interesting speakers would be present, I thought to fall back on my earlier honors and remain silent. But an event interesting to me, and I think to you as well, has induced me to offer a

few words by way of introduction to the verses I have been called upon to read.

There are probably but few within the sound of my voice who have not read or heard of the ancient grave-stone in the Oldtown Burying Ground, marking the spot where repose the mortal remains of Henry Sewall, and reciting that in 1635 "he helped begin this plantation, furnishing English servants, neat cattle, and provisions." Recognizing his claim to be remembered on this occasion, I also wish to impress upon your minds the fact that in the town of Medfield, Mass., there resides one of his direct descendants, the Rev. Chas. C. Sewall, a well known Unitarian clergyman, born May 10, 1802, and consequently now in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

On the thirtieth day of April last, while meditating on the subject of the proposed celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, and realizing that his infirmities would not allow him to participate in the exercises of the day, he was moved to write the hymn I am about to read, not expecting that it would be used on this occasion, but merely that he might give expression to the thoughts that the theme inspired. Its devout spirit and vigorous tone show that "while the outward man has been perishing the inward one has been renewed day by day."

The verses were handed to Mr. Samuel B. Noyes of Canton, a friend of the author, who expected to be here today. In his absence, however, I have been asked to read them, and now, without consultation or conference with the venerable author, I submit them for your approval and kind consideration.

ORIGINAL HYMN BY REV. CHARLES C. SEWALL OF MEDFIELD.

O Thou, to whom our fathers prayed,—
Trusting Thy grace to share;
When here, in faith, new homes they made,
Relying on Thy care;

Accept we pray, our offering
Of gratitude and praise;
This day no chronicle can bring
To mar their fame and ways.

Their hearts and lives they consecrate
To do and bear Thy will,
Though trials sore, and hardships great,
The path they trod might fill.

O give to us who live to reap
Blessings they made to be,

EVENING RECEPTION.

EVENING RECEPTION.

During the literary exercises of the afternoon the final preparations were made, under the direction of a special committee, consisting of of Messrs. S. J. Spalding, P. K. Hills and Edward F. Bartlett, for the Reception and Levee to be held at City Hall that evening. All the seats on the floor of the upper hall were removed, in order that ample space might be provided for the accommodation of those who desired to attend. The temporary platform was taken down, and the stage, restored to its original dimensions, was specially reserved for the members of the orchestra, who were to furnish the music, under the direction of Mr. Thomas M. Carter of Boston. The walls of the council chamber were hung with the portraits of men and women prominent in the history of Old Newbury, collected and arranged by John T. Brown, esq., of Newburyport.

The company began to assemble as early as half-past seven o'clock p. m. A large number of citizens, young and old, with many distinguished guests from abroad, occupied seats in the balcony, or gathered in groups about the Hall, greeting old acquaintances, renewing old ties of friendship, or quietly listening to the inspiring music, which was rendered by the orchestra in accordance with the following programme:

1. San Francisco March.....*Carter*
2. Overture—Poet and Peasant.....*Suppe*
2. Selection—Il Trovatore.....*Verdi*
4. Minuet.....*Boccher'ni*
5. Waltz—Leinates Klange.....*Lubitzky*
6. Song—Sweet Genevieve.....*Tucker*

Cornet Solo by Mr. W. H. Chambers.

7. Galop—Ringbahn.....*Popp*
8. Waltz—Normen.....*Strauss*
9. Songs Without Words.....*Parlow*
10. Mazurka—One Heart, One Soul.....*Strauss*
11. Waltz—Forget Me Not.....*Waldteufel*

The special committee on reception invited John T. Brown, Esq., a member of the general committee, to make the proposed collection of portraits, and placing the matter in his hands gave him full authority to complete the necessary arrangements for carrying out this part of the programme. Mr. Brown accepted the invitation and was active and unwearied in his efforts to make the collection worthy of the occasion, and was certainly more successful in this respect than could have been reasonably expected, as will be seen by an examination of the list of portraits given below, representing clergymen, lawyers, shipmasters, merchants, and ladies prominent in the history and society of old Newbury fifty or a hundred years ago:

REV. JOHN ADAMS.

Known as "Reformation John," who was the founder of Methodism in Newbury in 1825, and was the first pastor of the Adelphia street (now Purchase street) Methodist Society.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Sixth President of the United States, who came to Newburyport in 1787 and remained three years, studying law with Chief Justice Parsons. Delivered an address of welcome to President Washington on his visit to this town in 1789. Portrait painted 1815 at the time of the Treaty of Ghent. Aged 47.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Painted in Washington, D. C., by A. Giebert, in 1844, when Mr. Adams was 76 years of age.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A very fine portrait of the sixth President of the United States, painted by Healey, representing Mr. Adams as he appeared towards the close of his life.

REV. JOHN ANDREWS, D. D.

Pastor Pleasant street Society, Newburyport, from 1788 to 1830.

JOHN BALCH.

Underwriter and merchant and Revolutionary soldier. Born 1760; died 1836.

EDMUND BARTLET.

He laid out "Bartlet Mall," making a donation of seven-ninths of the entire cost of the same, and its name, "Bartlet Mall" given in his honor.

OFFIN BOARDMAN, SENIOR.

A sea captain and large ship owner. Revolutionary soldier. Prisoner in England from 1776 to 1779. Escaped to France, thence to America. He piloted a British transport into Newburyport harbor, and after safely getting her in the

harbor he suddenly turned and ordered some of his associates to haul down the British flag. Born 1747; died 1811. Painted in 1787.

A MARINE VIEW.

Sketch of Offin Boardman, senior, on the deck of the transport ordering the British commander to haul down his flag.

OFFIN BOARDMAN JR.

Sixth of the name. His ancestors gave the land for Boardman street in 1707. A master mariner, very successful. Coat buttons always ten cent, and vest five cent coins. Swain, artist. Painted in 1825.

SARAH GREENLEAF.

Wife of Offin Boardman, Sr. Portrait painted in 1787.

JUDITH BOARDMAN.

Wife of Offin Boardman, jr. Swain, artist. Painted in 1825.

RT. REV. EDWARD BASS.

First Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts from 1797 to 1803. Rector of St. Paul's church fifty-one years.

CAPT. MOSES BROWN.

A very brave man, of great courage, as master of frigates in Revolutionary war, and also in the French war of 1796 to 1801.

JUDGE NATHANIEL BYFIELD.

Judge of the Admiralty. Byfield Parish was named for him, and in return for the compliment Judge Byfield gave a bell in 1703 for the meeting house. Born in 1653; died in 1733.

CAPTAIN ROBERT BAYLEY.

Shipmaster and importer in West India trade for a long term of years. A man of great benevolence.

MR. ABNER CALDWELL.

Prominent as a merchant in Newburyport fifty years ago.

MRS. LYDIA STOREY CALDWELL.

Wife of Mr. Abner Caldwell, of Newburyport.

REV. THOMAS CARY.

Pastor First Religious (now Pleasant street) Society from 1769 to 1788.

MADAME CARY.

Wife of Rev. Thomas Cary, pastor of the Pleasant street church.

CAPT. DAVID COATES.

Prominent in the organization of the Marine Society; commanded one of four vessels sent by Newburyport merchants to drive the British out of Penobscot bay.

MRS. DAVID COATES.

Wife of Captain David Coates.

MISS COATES.

Daughter of Capt. David Coates, and wife of Col. John Greenleaf.

CAPT. DAVID COFFIN.

A merchant widely known as an importer and owner of shipping.

MRS. DAVID COFFIN.

Wife of Capt. David Coffin.

REV. PAUL COFFIN.

Born in Newbury 1737; died 1821.

COL. JEREMIAH COLMAN.

Chief marshal at the anniversary in 1835, a prominent official in the old Massachusetts militia. Born in Newbury 1783. T. B. Lawson, artist.

CAPT. CHARLES COOK.

Painted at Antwerp. Artist unknown.

WILLIAM CURRIER.

Representative to the Legislature from Newburyport in 1835 introduced Acting Governor Armstrong to the citizens at the anniversary 1835 was captain of marines on the privateer Decatur, Captain William Nichols, in the war of 1812. Born June 1778; died April, 1854.

CALEB CUSHING.

Orator of the 200th anniversary settlement of Newbury, first mayor of Newburyport, State Senator, Representative to Congress, Minister Plenipotentiary to China, United States Minister to Spain, Attorney General of the United States and counsel for the United States Government before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva.

JOHN N. CUSHING.

One of the largest and most successful ship owners in this State as an importer of European goods he was widely known.

REV. DANIEL DANA, D. D.

Third pastor of First Presbyterian church of Newburyport, from 1794 to 1820. President Dartmouth college, and pastor of Second Presbyterian church of Newburyport.

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.

Famous for many eccentricities. He founded the "Dexter Fund" for the poor of Newburyport. Born 1743; died 1806. Portrait painted 1798.

REV. DR. L. F. DIMMICK.

Third pastor of the North church of Newburyport, from 1819 to 1860.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM DUMMER.

Founder of Dummer Academy. A wise Governor and man of great philanthropy and public spirit. Copley, artist.

LADY DUMMER.

Wife of Governor Dummer. Copley, artist.

DANIEL FOSTER.

Sergeant under Lafayette in 1776. A sword was presented him by Lafayette as a token of friendship and a tribute to his bravery. Born March, 1762; died August, 1833.

DEACON EZRA HALE.

Town clerk of Newbury for thirty-six successive years. Was always a resident of Newbury.

COLONEL EBEN HALE.

Many years president Ocean Bank, Newburyport. Was largely interested in shipping.

DR. EBENEZER HALE.

Graduate of Dartmouth Medical College 1829. Founded "Hale Fund for the benefit of Firemen." Practised his profession in Newbury, Vt., and Boston, Mass. He retired early on account of ill health. Born 1809; died 1847.

JOHN HARRIS.

Held several important offices under President Washington. Copley, artist.

ELIZABETH TITCOMB.

Wife of John Harris; mother of the late Mrs. Hervey Kimball.

THOMAS HALE.

Came to Newbury in 1785. Learned the hatter's trade and started a hat factory in Belleville, in which he was very successful. He was very benevolent. In later years he engaged in shipping to a considerable extent. Born 1773; died 1836.

REV. DR. BENJAMIN HALE.

Professor in Dartmouth College; president of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.; was very successful as an educator of youth, and prominent as a minister of the Episcopalian denomination.

JOSIAH L. HALE.

He was very successful in Marine insurance matters, being one of the founders of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company in New York. Mr. Hale was also president of this company, which was the largest in the United States.

MOSES L. HALE.

For forty-five years prominent in business circles in Boston, and was also an influential officer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

REBECCA HOOPER.

The daughter of King Hooper of Marblehead, and sister of Mrs. Dalton, wife of Tristam Dalton; afterwards the wife of Lewis Jenkins, and grandmother of Mrs. Caroline J. Currier of Newburyport. Born 1755; died 1790. A crayon portrait by Copley, made in 1775.

NATHAN HOYT.

Active in social and public matters, and ship owner, largely interested in European and West India trade. Was a prominent member of the Pleasant street society, and had charge of building the meeting house on Pleasant street. Painted in 1800.

MRS. NATHAN HOYT.

Wife of Mr. Nathan Hoyt. Painted in 1800.

MISS ANNA JAQUES.

Founded the "Anna Jaques Hospital" in Newburyport, and also gave large amounts of money for charitable purposes. Born 1801; died January, 1885.

ANTHONY KNAPP.

A prominent shipmaster. Painted in New Orleans, 1801.

J. J. KNAPP.

At 21 years of age. Merchant and ship owner many years, and forty years secretary Newburyport Fire Insurance Company.

COL. JOSIAH LITTLE.

A man of energy and great business capacity. He was engaged in large real estate transactions, and in the ownership and management of ships. Was nineteen times elected representative to the Legislature. He gave liberally to Bowdoin College and also contributed largely to the building of Belleville church. Born 1747; died 1830.

JOSIAH LITTLE.

Son of Col. Josiah Little, the founder of the Newburyport Public Library. He was president of the Mechanicks Bank, Institution for Savings, and Bartlett cotton mills, and also State senator. Mr. Little also endowed a professorship in Bowdoin College.

MICAJAH LUNT, SENIOR.

Born in Newbury, 1764. He was captured three times during the Revolutionary war. A successful ship master and prominent merchant. Died 1840.

MICAJAH LUNT, JR.

Prominent in town and State affairs, and large ship owner. Born 1796, died 1874.

REV. JOHN C. MARCH.

Second pastor Belleville church, from 1832 to his death in 1846. At the 200th anniversary in 1835, Mr. March read the scriptures from a Bible printed in 1635.

REV. C. W. MILTON.

Was first pastor Fourth Religious (Prospect street) society, from 1794 to 1842.

REV. JAMES MILTIMORE.

First pastor Belleville church, from 1808 to 1836.

REV. JAMES MORSS, D. D.

Rector St. Paul's church, Newburyport, from 1804 to 1842. Prayer at the 200th anniversary was offered by Dr. Morss. Painted in 1804.

SAMUEL MULLIKEN.

Shipmaster and cashier of Merchants Bank, Newburyport, for many years.

EBENEZER MOSELEY.

A graduate of Yale College. Studied law and settled in Newburyport in 1805. Was colonel of the Sixth Regiment in the war of 1812 to 1814. Was member of the Massachusetts Legislature in the Senate and House ten years. He was the president of the day at the 200th anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, and also connected with banking and insurance interests of Newburyport, and ranked high for his legal ability. Born 1781; died 1854.

REV. JOHN MURRAY.

Second pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Newburyport, from 1781 to 1793.

JEREMIAH NELSON.

President of the Merrimac Insurance Company. Treasurer from 1827 to 1838 of the Institution for Savings, and member of Congress from this district for seventeen years.

REV. JONATHAN PARSONS.

First minister of the First Presbyterian church of Newburyport from 1746 to 1776. A preacher of great ability and very eloquent in his discourses. His remains are buried in a tomb under the pulpit of that church with those of Rev. George Whitefield.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

Chief justice of Massachusetts. He was authority in all matters connected with the law, and his opinions remain undisputed in the courts at the present time.

JACOB PERKINS.

An inventor who displayed great ability in America, and in Europe his talents as an inventor were fully recognized.

LIEUT. AMOS PEARSON.

Wounded at the Battle of Bunker Hill. Eighty years old when this portrait was painted.

BENJAMIN PIERCE.

A successful shipmaster and merchant and largely interested in commerce. In the war of 1812 he gave to the American government the brig Alert. He also fitted out several privateers, one of which, the Decatur, was commanded by Captain William Nichols, and came into the harbor at one time with three prizes. Born 1769; died 1834.

NICHOLAS PIKE.

Master of grammar school in the Town House many years. Acting magistrate of Essex county from 1776 to 1819. Author of "A system of arithmetic" in 1788, the first work of the kind published in the United States.

JAMES PRINCE.

Collector of customs from 1822 to 1828. He entertained Gen. La Fayette in 1824 at his house on State street, now occupied by the Public Library.

SONS OF JAMES PRINCE.

Two portraits painted in 1801. Artist unknown.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

A few of the letters received from guests who were unable to attend the anniversary exercises, are given below:

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, May 13, 1885.

ALBERT W. GREENLEAF, Esq.,
Secretary Committee on Invitations,
Historical Society of Old Newbury:

Dear Sir:—I have held your very kind invitation to myself and staff to be present at the exercises in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, Mass., Wednesday, June 10th, in the possibility that I might see my way clear to an acceptance. But I now find that by reason of my public duties and engagements I shall be unable to be present. Trusting that the occasion may be in every sense a success, worthy of the Newbury of the past in its long and honorable history, and in its spirit an earnest of the Newbury of the future in its development and prosperity,

I have the honor to be very respectfully yours,

GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

FROM HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, LL. D.

BOSTON, 22d May, 1885.

ALBERT W. GREENLEAF, Esq., Secretary:

Dear Sir:— The kind invitation of the Historical Society of Old Newbury has reached me on my return from a journey for my health. I hasten to offer my grateful acknowledgments to the society, and to express my regrets that I cannot be with them on the 10th of June. I have a most agreeable impression of the pleasure I enjoyed at the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of Old Newbury, and should gladly renew my associations with the town and its history at the end of another half century, when it has grown to be an important and prosperous city; but I am compelled to deny myself.

Believe me, very faithfully your obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 16, 1885.

ALBERT W. GREENLEAF, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am much honored by the invitation of the Historical Society of Old Newbury to be present at the commemoration of the settlement of the town after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years. I should be very glad to accept the hospitalities offered and to participate personally in the celebration. But the commencement of this college occurs on the same day, and it is quite impossible for me to leave my paramount duties here.

I recall vividly the celebration of fifty years ago, which greatly impressed a lad who at that time had seen little of the great world outside, and to whom an eminent person, like some who then appeared on the streets for a day, was a wonder. Your board will be graced by persons of similar eminence, and though such commemorations have become somewhat familiar in the last half-century, I hope this occasion may be as impressive and inspiring as the last. I am sure it will be to the true sons of Newbury, who may have the good fortune to be there.

Very many of them have gone away from the old home of their ancestors for two hundred years, but their untravelled hearts fondly turn to that spot which has upon it a charm which is nowhere else on sea or land. "Though inland far we be," the rote of the sea lingers in our ears; and not the Hudson or the Columbia is like the river where we built our early dreams. And it is not land and water and the fair horizon encircling them, but the human life which has there for so many generations been fertilizing the spot, which gives it its consecration. The old town many of us have the memory of was peopled and marked by that New England blood, which, with whatever faults run in it, is the best blood, and has made the best history in the world. I know no better and happier spot to be born in than that very corner of Massachusetts where the Merrimack runs into the sea. And it is the New England history, the New England church and school, which have made it such. Whatever its future may be, Newbury has bred good men, and even great men, and contributed its share to the better life of the Republic. The forces of good are not exhausted, even with all the draft which has been made upon the town for a good part of this century, by the more growing parts of the country. I am sure it will be the aspiration of all her gathered sons that her future may not be unworthy of her now lengthening past, and that she may always breed a race of true, strong, worthy men, and women too, who shall keep the honor which even her very first settlers put upon her in the beginning.

I have been betrayed by rather a natural impulse, into a longer letter than is necessary to acknowledge the courtesy of the invitation I have received, and to deplore the mischance which has brought into the same day your celebration and the graduation of a class of young women with academic degrees and honors, which I must be here to confer—an event, I imagine, not anticipated, perhaps, even in the millennium, by that worthy son of Oxford, the Rev. Thomas Parker, who taught the most learned tongues to the boys, but I fear not to the girls of that ancient Newbury, whose simple beginnings are to be brought afresh to memory on the tenth of June.

Very truly yours,

S. L. CALDWELL.

FROM RT. REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D. LL. D., BISHOP OF RHODE ISLAND.

Bishop Clark regrets it is not in his power to be present at the exercises to be held in commemoration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of Newbury, Mass., on Wednesday, June 10th.

Providence, R. I., May 15th, 1885.

FROM HON. CHARLES P. THOMPSON.

GLOUCESTER, June 9, 1885.

HONS. JOHN J. CURRIER AND ALBERT W. GREENLEAF,
Committee of Historical Society of Old Newbury:

Dear Sirs:—Your highly esteemed favor inviting me to be present on the 10th inst. at the exercises to be held in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury has been received. I had hoped to be with you on that occasion and share its pleasures, but find that I cannot do so. There is no town in the Old Commonwealth that has more just cause to be proud of her record than the good old town of Newbury—no one that has given to the State, country and the world nobler, braver, more patriotic or abler men and women, or more efficient workers in every field of honorable effort. Most heartily do I congratulate her upon her prosperity and enviable position, and I am assured that her future will add lustre to her brilliant past. Appreciating the consideration of the society and its committee, I am truly,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES P. THOMPSON.

FROM HON. AARON A. SARGENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 18th, 1885.

HON. J. J. CURRIER AND OTHERS,
Committee on Invitations:

Gents: I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the exercises to be held in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, and very much regret my inability to be present on that interesting occasion.

Very respectfully,

A. A. SARGENT.

FROM JAMES BICHENS FRANCIS, ESQ.

148 ANDOVER STREET,
LOWELL, MASS., June 6, 1885.

My Dear Sir:—As a former resident of Old Newbury in Berkshire, England, it would give me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation for the 10th inst., but I have an imperative engagement on that day in another direction. My grandfather, James Bichens, was for a long time minister of the Baptist chapel there, retiring in 1811, and dying there in 1831. He was much interested in the new Newbury.

Very truly yours,

JAMES BICHENS FRANCIS.

A. W. GREENLEAF, ESQ.

ORIGINAL POEM BY MISS EMILY A. GETCHELL.

The Committee on Literary Exercises received the following poem, written for the occasion by Miss Emily A. Getchell of Newburyport, but owing to the length of the regular programme there was no opportunity to read it during the exercises of the day.

WESTWARD, HO!

"Then rising afar o'er the Western sea
A new world rose in the dawn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free."

In and out trends the rugged shore—
Sand and breakers, and o'erhead the sky;
Fish-hawk and gull with their quavering cry
Swoop for their prey, 'mid the ceaseless roar;
Loneliness where'er the eye can reach,
On curling billow or glimmering beach;
Inland, long, low hills uprise,
Clothed on sides and summits with gray-green pines,
And storm-torn cedars that to the skies
Toss their crooked branches, while far off shines
A broad, blue river that sweeping comes
Where the harbor barrier swells and foams.
A masterless land, where the red man keeps
His savage state; where the sturgeon leaps
In the river's current, as fearlessly
As the deer in the forest, fleet and free.
Who shall bear rule over hillside and plain?
Whose hearth fires burn in the sheltered glade?
Whose bark trace the river through sunlight and shade,
From its fountain-cradle till lost in the main?
On the bar the breakers are leaping and tossing,
And in their low thunder a burden they ring:
"The Master and Ruler is coming, coming;
The hill and the river are waiting the King.
Who is coming! coming!"

A. D. 1000.

"Come rouse ye up, my comrades bold,
We'll seek the summer land;
There the swords clash loud in my father's hall,
The mead is strong, and the warriors all
Are dauntless of heart and hand!"

They have launched away in their sea-craft stout,
  Thornstein and his Viking crew;
They sailed full many a day and night,
But the black fog hid sun and stars from sight,
  And they steered as the blind might do.

And, lo! like a curtain drawn aside,
  The vapors lift and fly:—
"Ha, comrade, is this thy summer land,
With the strange green hills and the shining sand?"
  Is the wondering warrior's cry.

Their leader gazes with puzzled face:
  "'Tis a fair, new land," quoth he,
"On which Balder has smiled, but we stay not now;"
And with steady rudder the vessel's prow
  He turns to the Northern sea. (A.)

High on the bar Run's chargers are plunging,
  Into the sunlight their white manes they fling:
"Not for you, not for you!" is the voice of the tumult,
  "The hill and the river wait still for the king.
    Who is coming! coming!"

A. D., 1605.

Drifting past the frowning headlands,
  Pausing in each sunny bay,
Feasting with the Indian warriors,
  Dallying through the summer day,
All the winter's woe forgotten,
  Strife, privation and annoy,
In their mission all undaunted,
  See the exiles of St. Croix.

For the cross and golden lilies
  They this goodly land would gain.
Men who neither faint nor falter
  Are De Monts and Sieur Champlain.
Conquest won, their soul's salvation
  To the heathen they would bring;
Faithful children, bounteous treasure,
  To their Lady and the king. (B.)

A. D. 1000. (A.) See B. F. DaCosta's "Discovery of America by Norsemen."
A. D. 1605. (B.) Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World."

In a white wall of foam the breakers are curling;
"Not for you, not for you!" is the chorus they sing.
"Free-handed, free-hearted must be the true master,
The hill and the river yet wait for the king.
Who is coming, coming?"

A. D., 1614.

The fog rolls out to seaward,
Before the western gale,
And beating towards a harbor
Is seen a tiny sail.
Like the white wing of a sea-bird
It flutters slowly past,
And the flag of Merrie England
And St. George floats from the mast.

Sore vexed with cares and quarrels,
And woes on every hand,
The hardy, fearless Saxon
Turns to search the rocks and sand.
Tragabizanda's headland keeps
His Eastern houri's name,
And the grim, storm-worn Islands
With Virginia his fame. (C)

Up and down on the bar the breakers are dancing,
And mocking and light is the chorus they sing:
"Hie back to your green woods and dusky-browed princess.
The hill and the river wait yet for the king.
Who is coming! coming?"

A. D., 1635.

Sunrise upon the Quasycung!
The robins carol loud and long;
The myriad shapes of forest life
Wake to new gladness with the song;
The wild flowers greet the wandering bee
The river hastens to join the sea.

Noontide upon the Quasycung!
The greenwood's brooding hush is stirred
By unused tread of stranger feet,
By childhood's laugh and man's brief word.
A shallop is moored to the pebbly shore,
Where a birchen canoe has lain before:
The valley silence shall know no more.

A. D. 1614. (C.) Capt. John Smith's "Adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, etc."

Nightfall upon the Quasycung!
Echoes along the shadowy dells
A single voice in earnest speech,
And then a low chant sinks and swells;
To Him, a meed of thanks expressed,
For guiding thro' the wilds their quest,
And craving guardance for their rest.

Clear shine the stars over Quasycung!
The mystic voices of the night,
Nestle of bird, the prowler's cry,
They hear who keep the watch-fire bright.
Echoes fantastical it seems,
Borne in upon the sleepers' dreams,
Of the dear English woods and streams. D.†

The breakers have died to a sighing murmur,
A slumber song to the mermaids known:
And from far-off reaches of lonely beaches,
The night-wind bears on the long low tone:
"Come to their own! Come to their own!"

† A. D. 1635. (D.) See Coffin's "History of Newbury."

MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS.

NORMAN McLEOD, of Newburyport, Conductor.
Miss LIZZIE BADGER, of Newburyport, Pianist.

Accompanied by an Orchestra of Twenty-one Pieces, under the Direction of T. M. CARTER, of Boston.

TENORE.

Mr. Frank Alley, Newburyport.
Col. J. F. Kingsbury, Boston.
Mr. Edward S. Knight, Newbury.
Mr. Edward McLaughlin, Newburyport.
Dr. Geo. E. L. Noyes, Newburyport.
Mr. Geo. C. Rogers, West Newbury.
Mr. Frank H. Rundlett, Newburyport.
Mr. Leonard W. Smith, West Newbury.
Mr. Wm. C. Stanwood, West Newbury.
Mr. Wm. H. Sumner, Newburyport.

SOPRANI.

Miss Carrie Adams, Newburyport.
Mrs. Minnie C. Balch, Newburyport.
Mrs. Isadore Ballou, Newburyport.
Miss Sarah Bogardus, Newburyport.
Mrs. John B. Brookings, Newburyport.
Mrs. Abby M. Burnham, Newbury.
Miss Lizzie M. Carr, Newburyport.
Mrs. E. W. Chase, West Newbury.
Mrs. J. M. Culver, West Newbury.
Mrs. Hattie C. Dodge, Newburyport.
Miss Annie M. Duffee, Newburyport.
Mrs. Etta McLaughlin, Newburyport.
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Miss Fannie E. Lunt, Newburyport.
Miss Mary P. Lunt, Newburyport.
Miss Grace W. Lunt, Newburyport.
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Mrs. Ella Morse, Newbury.
Miss Annie Mumford, Newburyport.
Miss Emma Noyes, Newburyport.
Mrs. R. T. Noyes, Newbury.
Miss Maria O'Grady, Newburyport.
Miss Carrie F. Pike, Newburyport.
Miss Clara Poor, West Newbury.
Miss Annie M. Titcomb, West Newbury.
Miss Juha Wells, Newburyport.
Mrs. Albert H. Wilson, Newburyport.

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Mrs. R. Adams, Newburyport.
Miss Lizzie C. Adams, Newburyport.
Mrs. P. H. Blumpey, jr., Newburyport.
Miss Emma Bailey, West Newbury.
Mrs. O. G. Chase, West Newbury.
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Mrs. J. B. M. Dickins, Newburyport.
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Miss Mary Stanwood, West Newbury.
Miss Annie Wigglesworth, Newburyp't.
Miss Mabel Stanwood, West Newbury.

BASSI.

Mr. Richard G. Adams, Newburyport.
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Mr. George Bailey, West Newbury.
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Mr. Wm. M. Tibbetts, Newburyport.
Mr. Frank C. Wilson, Newburyport.

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FUND RAISED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

John J. Currier,	Newburyport.	Sam'l K. Whipple,	Newburyport.
E. F. Stone,	do	S. B. Carter,	do
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Edward S. Moseley,	do	George J. Caldwell,	do
David L. Withington,	do	R. M. Perley,	do
E. P. Dodge,	do	M. P. Perley,	do
H. B. Little,	do	Benjamin Akerman,	do
Robert N. Toppan,	do	Job B. M. Dickins,	do
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Philip H. Lunt,	do	George H. Pearson,	do
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Wm. H. Swasey,	do	Paul Titcomb,	do
Alex. Caldwell,	do	William H. Johnson,	do
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William H. Huse,	do	Charles C. Dame,	do
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Mrs. E. T. Fitch,	do	H. T. Adams,	do
George W. Creasey,	do	Thomas Foster,	do
James Parton,	do	W. J. Creasey,	do
Henry M. Cross,	do	F. O Woods,	do
A. J. Terling,	do	John H. Balch,	do
Samuel J. Spalding,	do	E. P. Shaw,	do
Wm. O. Moseley,	do	John Sumner,	do
Charles F. Lunt,	do	Anthony S. Jones,	do
Nathan D. Dodge,	do	Allen M. Brewster,	do
William W. Jacques,	do	T. O'Connell,	do
Henry B. Reed,	do	E. F. Bartlett,	do
William B. Boardman,	do	George J. L. Colby,	do
A. W. Bailey,	do	Herman Castellhun,	do
Miss Floyd,	do	Robert Couch, jr.,	do
E. P. Russell,	do	Johnson Littlefield,	do
David Smith,	do	R. Jacoby,	do
F. M. Gates,	do	A. W. Thompson,	do
Robert Couch,	do	D. A. Goodwin, jr.,	do
James C. Plummer,	do	William Todd,	do

Names of Contributors to the Fund.—Continued.

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N. Burke Little,	do
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Edward Kent,	do
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Mrs. Enoch Plumer,	do
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C. S. Bradley,	West Newbury.
Haydn Brown,	do
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Mrs. Martha L. Moody,	do
M. H. Emery,	do
T. M. Chase,	do
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C. W. Ordway,	do
Richard Newell,	do
A. L. Haskell,	Boston.
F. S. Moseley,	do
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Thomas W. Silloway,	do
William H. Bent,	Lowell.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To the Finance Committee for the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of Newbury:

GENTLEMEN:—I hand you herewith a statement of the amount received from various sources to defray the expenses of the celebration, and also the amount that I have paid out in accordance with your instructions:

RECEIPTS.

Individual subscriptions	$1,260 00
Sale of tickets to dinner, in addition to subscribers' tickets	538 00
Sale of tickets for reception, in addition to subscribers' tickets	78 75
Balance contributed to make up deficit	102 19
	$1,978 94

EXPENSES.

For exercises at City Hall, and reception at City Hall	$222 09
For music, military escort, etc	263 56
For dinner and tent	1,379 79
For printing and advertising	113 50
	$1,978 94

Respectfully submitted,

PHILIP H. LUNT, Treasurer.

Newburyport, August 15, 1885.

NAMES OF THE PERSONS WHO GUARANTEED THE EXPENSE OF THE PUBLICATION OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

E. S. Moseley, Newburyport.
T. W. Silloway, Boston.
P. K. Hills, Newburyport.
A. W. Greenleaf, Newburyport.
Wm. R. Johnson, Newburyport.
Luther Dame, Newbury.
J. J. Currier, Newburyport.
Benjamin Hale, Newburyport.
J. N. Cushing, Newburyport.
H. B. Reed, Newburyport.
Alex. Caldwell, Newburyport.
Wm. Little, Newbury.
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